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THE ART OF EVERLASTING LIFE

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NOT long ago I was amused to notice for the first time that I could not see directly behind my head in a mirror. Turn and twist as I would, there was always a space as big as my head that I could not investigate. I thought of this on finding Maeterlinck in a recent essay comparing metaphysical speculation on consciousness to a mirror. Why take thought of consciousness? Perhaps in the light of Bergson one should say, "*How* take thought of consciousness?" The intellect is trying to investigate itself, to lift itself by its own bootstraps; and is foredoomed to a *circulus in probando*. Had Archimedes been given a platform he could have moved the earth with his lever.

Moreover a certain famous playwright set the fashion for carelessness concerning "that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns," and sensible downright people have the feeling that it is bad form to discuss immortality except in the perfunctory pulpit. Some courage is required to face any indeterminate issue, for the schoolboy world, ashamed of abstract enthusiasms, calls it neurasthenia. For all that, I am curious about Life and careless of my reputation.

I beg the question then on the reality of continued Life. Let instinct do easily what the intelligence of even Paul and Socrates and Anselm never did successfully. Even the earnest mystico-science of Sir Oliver Lodge adds little to, perhaps subtracts from, our unrational intuitions, which, when all is said, constitute our surest proof. Assuming the fact of immortality (and science is to-day ranging over on the side of popular age-long feeling and sees no reason why Life should stop with physical death), let us

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inquire into the conditions. How may one acquire the art of everlasting Life?

II

Two general lines of thought, apparently unconnected and unsympathetic, have resulted in a fairly consistent conclusion with regard to immortality. Realizing that I am likely to encounter ridicule from scholars whose knowledge of the literature of the subject may easily be more complete than my own, I beg at the outset the Kantian privilege of suspending for the time being all former architects, and building my skyscraper absolutely untrammelled by old scaffolding. I do not claim to have tapped a private wire, nor to possess an unusual amount of *Innerlichkeit;* there will be here no mysticism or transcendentalism, but only some simple, unconventional reflection about that nearest, most baffling thing, the soul.

Our first line of converging thought has to do with the Reward and Punishment theory of an after-life; the second, with evolutionary development. Let us take up the first and follow it to the junction; then go back and bring up the second to the same place, and finally carry them along together to the end.

A belief in Heaven, a place or condition of happiness in reward of a good life, and Hell, a place or condition of unhappiness (the degrees vary from sentimental regret to a fiery furnace) in punishment of a bad life, has been a part, implicit or explicit, of every religious system propounded by man. One does not have far to seek for its origin. Justice appearing to lag in this life, where the wicked frequently flourish as a green bay-tree and the righteous as often go to the grave unhonored by the world, and the idea of justice being innate and clamorous from the earliest time, Heaven and Hell were invented and for ages have been regarded as necessities in any scheme of divine provision.

The reason for the continuance of the belief is just as plain, being of a piece with the reason for its origin. Far from

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virtue's being its own reward, it has appeared to men of a practical turn,—who make up a considerable proportion of the human family,—that self-sacrifice is not the best dividend-bearer, that conscience is a tyrannous master and impoverishes its servants, that the Golden Rule is too great a luxury for common men. That men think this way to-day needs no proof; one hears it on every corner, in every barber-shop. That men thought this way more than twenty-three centuries ago, one need only read the first book of Plato's *Republic* for assurance. It is everywhere. An evidence of its pervasiveness is that aggressive orthodoxy has taken the alarm in recent years, as it did in Job's time and in the homily of the Vicar of Wakefield, and thinks it incumbent to proclaim the exact contrary—that virtue pays in this life, that "honesty is the best policy," a slogan as far from morality as Ben Franklin from Jesus of Nazareth. This zeal in defence of virtue is well-intended, but ill-directed and as little justified by the facts as its contrary. But to come back to the point, the complaint against virtue, which is in the air and must be met by priest and teacher. Obviously the most efficient method of securing the practice of morality is to reward it,—if it cannot be rewarded here, then in the life to come; and the best deterrent from vice is punishment, if not here, hereafter. Leaving out of consideration for the moment revealed religion, it will be evident that Heaven and Hell are expediential measures, adopted from necessity and adapted to the time and people. But—I put the question in candor and sincerity—are Heaven and Hell essential to right-living? Is the belief in these two goals of human life—put your own interpretation on each—essential to real religion? Even though you do not believe in any Heaven and Hell, are the reasons less strong that compel you to act as though you did? Would not your inward joy, not dollars or touring cars or a seat in Washington, but your peace of mind, depend upon unselfishness and gratitude and love? The ideal of the noblest and wisest and tenderest of earth is to be one of the poet's

> "Glad souls without reproach or blot,
> Who do Thy will and know it not."

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So there is a high sense in which virtue decidedly does pay in this life. Refraining from fear of ill is not the highest morality; serving from hope of reward, however noble and refined, has its sly dangers. To the candid eye of Twentieth Century virtue, the reward and punishment basis is childishly below the mark. It was and perhaps is still expediential, but it is not essential.

There is a second consideration not altogether to be ignored. A great many people find it hard to reconcile the idea of everlasting punishment with a God who is all-powerful and all-loving and has foreseen from the beginning the occupants of both the hostels of Eternity. Heaven they accept gladly, for anyone is willing to believe he is really more deserving than he appears on the surface; and eternal reward for temporal virtue does not seem incongruous. But Hell they reject. They will none of a God who could requite finite sin with an infinite punishment and so they agree with Omar:

"Tut! He's a good fellow and 'twill all be well."

Infinite punishment for finite sin! Is this merely a blind or must the objection be granted some genuine validity? All sin, small or great, is in its nature infinite perhaps; that is, it may become infinite in consequence, as any slightest rivulet may roll to a mighty sea; but it takes a metaphysical training to appreciate this, and most men never do and never could know it. So, after all, an eternity of expiation for seventy years of violating or ignoring the law, or passiveness before it, presents difficulties that no subtleties of theology nor mystic abracadabra can conceal from ordinary common sense.

So far, these considerations have been *a priori,* and without heed to revelation. Whatever force they may have would be vitiated in the minds of many conservative people if the Bible postulates plainly Heaven and Hell. I wish particularly to address those who still with reason hold the traditional view that Jesus and Paul and most of the writers of both testaments believed and taught a conscious punishment as well as a conscious reward.

It can hardly be doubted that to-day most Protestant pulpits

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are silent on the matter of Hell-fire. Perhaps a few ministers still hold to it, but they see the futility of preaching it. Those who use the torch of Hell to illumine their discourses are shunned as sensational. However, the majority imply some kind of conscious torment, and, as the custom is, "nail't wi' scripture." Let us notice some of the principal references to Life ascribed to Jesus:

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not *perish* but have everlasting life."

Again:

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Notice in both these passages the contrast between Life and perishing, or not seeing Life. Life is the goal to be attained, not life in bliss as opposed to life in misery, but Life. By implication, those who do not attain Life by fulfilling the conditions, lose it and meet its opposite, death; not punishment, which would presuppose life in which to suffer.

Attend to the formal definition from the mouth of Jesus:

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Then not to know him is to miss "life eternal."

"And I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish"—"tree of life," "bread of life," "water of life,"—all of Christ's figures bear out the same view, that *life* is the crown of good and death is the end of ill.

Paul is even more explicit, for he was less the poet and more the philosopher:

"For the wages of sin is death. . . ."

"For the end of those things is death. . . ."

"For if ye live after the flesh ye must die. . . ."

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Corruption accompanies death, the end of all fleshly pursuits.

But, it may thinkably be objected, this is a mere word-

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quibble. What difference does a word make provided Jesus and Paul actually believed in the physical pangs or mental torments of Hell? None at all, I admit. I should want to be the first to give a quibble short shrift. Here plain words represent obvious things: life and death—one the natural outcome of right living and the other the inevitable result of wrong living. Moreover he is a very wise or a very presumptuous man who will state exactly Jesus' intellectual beliefs on this question or on any other born of contention. He was no dogmatist. If the parable of Dives and Lazarus is held to constitute evidence, I merely repeat the trite observation that Jesus was speaking in concrete understandable terms. There will always remain some, unconvinced and unconvinceable, who see in it revealed proof of conscious torment, and they must continue in that pleasing theory. "There's a glad day coming, when the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left" is a very attractive song to one type of saint; but there is no very close parallelism between its sentiment and the characteristic utterances of Jesus, the author of the view that ninety and nine saints are worth just one sinner.*

So far what I have tried to do is to throw doubt on Hell—a condition of punishment forever—and to show to the conservative Christian that Jesus and Paul are by no means to be cited as its champions.

III

The second line of converging thought presupposes a general belief in biological evolution. I shall differ from many particular scientific creeds and from many evolutionists, but an assent to development as against special creation is fundamental to the argument. If any cannot render such assent, it is useless for them to read further, as it is not the purpose nor within the power of this discussion to convince them if Darwin has already failed.

We began by assuming some kind of life after what we call the death of the body. This assumption, once so repugnant

* This is utterly different from Pastor Russel's, or any other doctrine of Annihilation, as will appear more fully later.

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to the ultra-scientific mind, no longer can be considered heterodox; it is almost as orthodox in science as in religion. The first question then, "What is immortal?" is answered in unison by science and religion, "The soul." The unison is not long evident, for the scientific soul and the soul of orthodox Christian soteriology are decidedly unidentical. Science sees no difference between the soul and spirit or mind; all are names to represent one of the two principles of existence.* Matter is on one side of the escutcheon of life, and mind or soul on the other. But orthodox Christian tradition begs the question apparently by calling "soul" just the immortal part of mind, assuming that soul is a distinct entity and the grosser part of mind is a kind of more etherealized matter which may be dragged along with the soul either to Heaven or Hell.—"The word of God is sharper than a two-edged sword. . . . piercing even to the dividing asunder of Soul and Spirit." Science pooh-poohs this transcendentalism and dogmatizes in general that the sum of the faculties of a sentient creature is the soul,—and the immortal part. Now I beg to question that cocksure dogma of science and to line up more nearly with the earlier dogma of religion.

If the soul is one and the same as mind and the soul is immortal, then all mind is immortal. (We are proceeding on that assumption, remember.) All mind immortal? Then dogs and horses, frogs and earth-worms, star-fish and polypi will live forever. Perhaps even the poplar leaf that forever quivers with the joy of life will fill its little mind with happiness through eternity, for who can say where mind ceases in the downward scale? Such a scheme presents nothing troublesome to Spinoza or Shelley or George Eliot or Professor James. To become a part of the glorious background of the world, ever renewing its supply of love and good, or to join in the "Choir Invisible," where all is harmony and no voice breaks into individuality, is all a poet asks and the conception as you meet it in the *Adonais*, for instance, is both noble and alluring. The ambrosia of the poets, however, to use a vulgar phrase, does not stick to the ribs. That sort of food has not been lifting the stone or cleav-

* It is assumed that some form of dualism is still in good metaphysical standing.

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ing the wood. Nirvana is, of all creeds, least evangelical. To the body of religious people, immortality means nothing if it is not conscious and individual, and the Psychic Research wing of scientific creed, Spiritism, assumes, with the same lack of question, the continuation of personality. Indeed this world-soul idea is not immortality at all, but *eternality*. The individual soul dies; Soul lives on. But this is saying nothing more than a fundamental postulate of science, that the universe is eternal. Nothing has begun and so nothing will end,—the soul no otherwise than the Archæan sand or the blue of the firmament. I submit that this conception is not immortality, means nothing to the million and would be of small comfort if it were intelligible.

We are pragmatically right then, in expecting a conscious life, a continued personality, beyond the grave.

Remember that we are not to understand by that life an existence simply prolonged. It may be and indeed must be different in essence—in fact, who can say whether time and space, those mysterious conditions of the present, may not be entirely suspended when physical life is over? * Eternity is not merely a long time, but something else entirely.

The question then reverts, What will partake in this individual immortality?

To any mind but that of the veriest trifler, the extension of life to plants and animals that exhibit no individuality, no promise of progress, would be unthinkable; but what shall be said of that good friend of man, the dog? It is not to the purpose to discuss the reasoning power of the dog or the horse or any of the higher animals. Though its adherents have abundant evidence, we have still the privilege and indeed the duty to be sceptical. Our objective point here, however, is on the emotional side, and the most wise and careful observers tell us that the dog has practically all the emotions of man in their beginning. It is commonly held that a sense of right and wrong, conscience, distinguishes man from the brute. Why, the dog's

* Professor Hugo Munsterberg, in a suggestive article on *The Eternal Life* in *The Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1905, asks what would be the sense of an after-life in time. We might as well, he continues, expect to grow one hundred feet tall as to live one thousand years; extension in one dimension is as reasonable as in another.

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sense of guilt has found lodgment in our common speech: we say a man wears a *hang-dog* expression. "More quibbling," smug society avers; "the dog has no idea of real morality. He is only afraid of the whip when he looks guilty, knowing he has been whipped for the same offence before." Dear madams and sirs, is he so very different from his illustrious master or mistress? Is not morality on its own testimony petrified custom, and does it not change from age to age and from people to people as much as head-gear? It is no uncommon thing to find those who are headed straight for the pearly gates—actually going there too—the best people we have according to any sensible standards—sanction and practise customs, in themselves admittedly reprehensible, on the grounds that "they all do it." Mrs. Smith stifles her alleged conscience on the bird-plumage question by pointing at all the other women in the church. What good would it do for her to be finicking? The little birds would be killed anyway. . . . Jones short-weights the sugar; his competitors have started the vicious practice. He can't reform business. Brown votes for Moriler because there was a lot of money loose, and he might as well have some of it; politics is dirty business, he laments, anyway. They will not even reduce the matters to principles in argument, content with the fallacy of authority—authority of people who in turn justify their action by pointing to the others, and so the continuous vaudeville of "morality" goes on: "After you, my dear Alphonse"; "Après vous, mon cher Gaston." A precocious young German has written a book in which he maintains that women's morality is largely convention. He is a man; we shall get the rest of the truth when a woman writes on the same subject.

But this is getting to be another story. Decidedly the dog has the rudiments of morality: or rather, our alleged morality does not far transcend Fido's willingness to please and his policy of least resistance. It appears then the most superficial scientific dogmatism to jeer at the idea of a dog-heaven and demand immortality of some sort for all the mind of all men. Evolution can find no distinct break between sub-human and human; there is no missing link.

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However, let that pass, and follow to the ditch this final assumption that the whole mind of every human being is immortal.

New difficulties flank the scientific theorist on every side. *When does the Soul begin?* That view which makes soul and mind identical can give but one consistent answer. Mind begins with life itself, and if the embryo were impeded after a day's growth, the eternities would be enriched by a human soul. No one can confidently deny this; but, a natural and perhaps laudable sentiment aside, immortality for such is of the highest improbability. If mind is the sum of the powers of a sentient creature, and those powers are developed only by experience, by contact with a world when it becomes one of the factors of that world, then at this initial point soul is nil. There is as yet no self-consciousness, no consciousness even, I suppose. There is only an organism with possibilities. A more popular view makes birth the beginning of the soul. It would be idle to enter into discussion of this belief, but the case has not been materially changed; as yet the babe is merely a prophecy of what he may become—*in time*. What Eternity could do for such a soul is a mystery, but in our ignorance we must candidly admit that personality, which we assume for the life hereafter, is not yet existent. That the soul begins some time during the first few years, when the child distinguishes right and wrong, is the tacit conviction of the majority; but from what has gone before, it is by no means certain that all people really distinguish; a shrewd suspicion among sociologists gains ground that what many call their "conscience" is merely their sense of moral expediency; and besides, something more than distinguishing, more than the *possession* of a conscience, unless I am utterly wrong, is necessary to a soul.

There is an old evangelistic slogan, somewhat in disrepute, but owing authority to mankind's Highest Priest, "Ye must be born again." It now becomes my purpose to show that this injunction, with a new interpretation, is absolutely scientific, and the only tenable hypothesis for immortality.

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IV

Briefly resuming, the plant has no soul; the star-fish has no soul; the dog has no soul; the human embryo and the babe at birth probably have not developed a soul; and finally, there is very slender reason to suppose that all children of four years have attained it.

Consistency requires another step—the possibility that a man may travel through life without finding a soul, and die with no prospects of any sort of life beyond. This is the step that all the preceding ones have been leading towards. Immortality for all of mind proves too much; it reduces to an absurdity on both sides; and is, moreover, not strictly immortality, but *eternality*. Eternality of mind, surgence and resurgence in the ocean of mind at the background of the universe, leads direct to a materialistic monism, the position of a less important wing of near-atheistic science, and certainly far from sympathy with theists. If the soul is eternal, not only will it never die, but it has never been born—has existed from the beginning with God and the universe, a view which makes individual responsibility, the potent watch-word of religion, rather grotesque; for why should an eternal soul, coeval with God, be judged on a few breaths of time, when it chanced to be lodged in a body? So I submit that a variation of the old-fashioned view of soul as something distinct from mind, or rather a faculty or function higher than mind, though evolved from it (a conception surely not at odds with the evolutionist), is more probable on the whole than the newer and more naturalistic dogma which we have just examined.

Let us put it definitively: The soul is a developed function of mind. I imagine we may think of it as the perfected fruit of mind, which, after fruitage, draws the total mind of the individual into immortality. When a man develops a soul he lives forever; when he neglects to cultivate this possibility of the Infinite within him he dies forever. Physical birth is the first step toward physical death, but the birth of the soul, what Jesus meant when he said, "Ye must be born again," is the first step toward immortality or Life.

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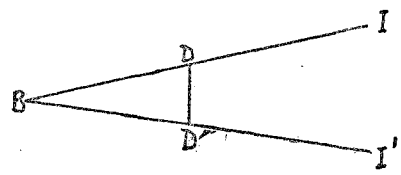
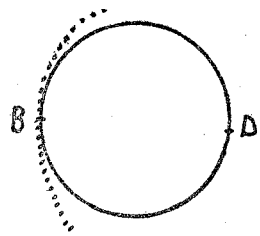
V

Permit a geometrical digression in the interest of clearness.



Suppose this simple figure to represent man's life. B is birth or beginning, Soul-possibility, but Soul-zero. (A Traducianist will not be satisfied with this, but so much the worse for him.) We stand awed before this greatest of miracles and can do no more than recognize it as the great eternal act of creation. The diverging lines represent the development of his life—its ever-widening interests, never drawing in nor forming a self-sufficient circumference, but ever spreading, spreading, aspiring to new, more, better life. The man with his arms stretched out to Heaven is its symbol. Now let DD represent physical death. Shall that flimsy curtain stop a vital creature who has justified his creation by constant enlargement, has steadily maintained his life out-growing, and is just beginning to sense the purposings of his Creator? The idea is repugnant, and besides, bad geometry. These lines will continue to diverge toward infinity; this man will have achieved immortality.

Now another figure:



After the former, this is self-explanatory.

When the life, beginning as it must in physical, in-growing interests, never transcends them, it must follow the circle, contracting around, self-looking inward on its own desires,—and death, the perfect transmitting medium, finds little life to con-

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verge. The grave indeed ends all. This man may have been called wise in the councils of nations, or may have counted his millions by the score; but in bearing his Sisyphus-load through life, he has neglected to cultivate the flower of the soul, and death leaves him at the soul level of birth. Birth found him, a possibility; death, an impossibility.

VI

We begin now to draw the threads together. Paul in his letter to the Philippians speaks of working out "your own salvation." This phrase is very valuable here. To work out our own salvation, to be born again,—are these merely pious phrases with no more content than they appear to have in the ordinary debauch of religiousness, or may we clearly fit them into the scheme of evolutionary development? I believe we can.

Reverting then to the question of the beginning of the soul:

If this line of thought is in a right groove, the soul begins when a man actively, though perhaps unconsciously, chooses righteousness as against iniquity, decides to cleave to the good and despise the evil; the soul grows only if he stubbornly maintains that course to the end. The "chief end of man" is not "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever," but to serve God and man, or God in man, and thereby work out his own salvation, which is Life. There is no reason for time, except eternity. Man is a soul-hunter. For this end was he born: not to shear sheep on the hills or lambs on the stock exchange, but to win an immortal soul. And just as pleasure cannot be chased, but must always follow those who flee from it, so the soul cannot be attained by aiming only to attain it, but by eyes directed otherwards and hands seeking to help some one not ourselves.

As to the evolutionary origin, the scientific re-birth:

The Soul is a transcendent possibility dependent upon a high order of mind, the type that is found probably only in man. Every man has the necessary prerequisites to a soul, but he does not develop it *ipso facto* that he is a man, but only when he chooses and pursues consistently righteousness. The small "indeterminate variations" of Darwin have been important in evolution, but they are not the only method of development. He

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himself admitted and recent biologists insist upon other larger, *determinate* variations—triumphant advances not explained by natural selection, like the short-legged sheep and the human eye. In other words, science demands the bridging of chasms in biological development, chasms that require suspension cables thrown from one side to the other with no intermediate abutments.

Pragmatism, the philosophy of the Twentieth Century, assigns to each individual some part in the construction of the universe, and to leap to a soul is his chief contribution. Physical and mental evolution prepare the way, man in his intricate life is confronted with the chasm. He may walk safely on this side with selfishness to death. Beyond—is a soul to be gained by abnegation and service. "What shall I do," he cries, "that I may inherit everlasting life?" Said Jesus to the rich young ruler, "Sell that thou hast," but we recognize in this reply the physician who is wise enough to prescribe individual remedies to particular cases. To sell what I have and give to the poor would enrich the poor no more temporally than it would enrich me spiritually. "What shall I do?" is the question of the ages, and there is no specific reply. But we must flash the message, and hearing the answer we must boldly do. The soul is not super-natural,—certainly not; it is simply supra-Darwinian. By our own "determinate variation" we may pragmatically add our souls to the sum of the world's good.

VII

There remain a number of objections which should be noticed.

The first is the charge that this theory is nothing but the doctrine of annihilation; and open to all the objections thereto. Annihilation and conditional immortality are as wide apart as the poles. Annihilation requires that God should destroy, in something like peevish wrath, the soul that has been bad—a theological dogma that has no point tangential to science anywhere. Whereas my object has been to show that the man of the second figure, though he ate, slept, functioned physically, was stagnant; he had never been alive. It was not possible to punish

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his soul or to annihilate him, for he had never developed an immortal part to suffer or to cease. Why in the name of all that is wonderful should there be a soul if there is only a preponderating hate and revenge and self-seeking ambition to save? Why should the faithful dog cease to enjoy life's bones while the unfaithful, vicious, mean of the human family go on enjoying life's boons?

> "The evil is null, is naught;
> Is silence, implying sound."

Good and evil become in the human heart love and self-love; and it is increasingly difficult to escape the conviction that the one is as surely of Time as the other is of Eternity.*

What about the vengeance of God? "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." We need simply to remember that the accent is not on "vengeance" and "repay," but upon "mine" and "I." "*I* will repay," saith the Lord, just to put us in our right place. We are all Hamlets in that other people seem out of joint, and we particularly want to set our enemies right. But the Lord bids us leave that to him and attend to the business of working out a soul.

Next comes the assault of special scriptures in favor of everlasting punishment, that species of petty bush-whacking so popular formerly. I have neither the time nor the inclination to meet them singly, and shall rest the case—at least this phase of it—on the general attitude of the New Testament.

I have quoted what is reported of Jesus: "This is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God." Note what John the Beloved adds: "We for our part know that we have passed out of Death into Life just because we love our brothers.

* In this connection let me draw upon experiential evidence. I hope it will not prove a rock of offence to the more seriously minded.

Spiritism has come lately to deserve the name of science. We may or may not believe all or any of its claims; but certainly educated people cannot afford strong prejudices against it. Now it is a curious but of course a quite understandable fact that neither fakers nor genuine mediums are receiving any messages from the wicked. If there are genuine mediums, and if there is possibility of communication with those we call physically dead, then the silence of the criminals of history and the loquaciousness of the saints becomes significant. No one ever hears from Nero or Lucretia Borgia or Napoleon, though Gladstone and Joan of Arc and Lincoln frequently get through.

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Anyone who does not love remains in a state of death." That is to say, he has never lived. The foregoing reflections, making the immortal part dependent upon this fixed habit of loving, of looking outward along continually diverging lines of interest and sympathy, and maintaining that unless soul-evolution advances and perfects the work begun by physical and continued by mental evolution, the soul is never born in the individual, is thus seen to harmonize perfectly with the exposition of the apostle generally conceded to have best interpreted the spiritual meaning of his Master. Jesus does not explain his definition; spelling out was never his custom. But when John, the Christ spirit working strong within him, comes to think about it in his study preparatory to explaining Life to his "dear friends,"—the ripe fruit of his reflection is "anyone who does not love, remains in a state of death."

The only unanswerable objection is that of *Sentiment.* It is unanswerable because it goes not upon reason but upon feeling; and of course no rational answer will avail.

Perhaps the mother's instinct is right in rejecting indignantly the suggestion that her little babe is not immortal. She may be right, but she stands solely upon instinct, unsupported by a single stone of reason. It seems a cruel, heartless, unforgivable thing to deprive her of the hope of seeing again in Heaven the babies who did not live. The poets assist in the pleasant fallacy. Longfellow even went to the absurd length of imagining his baby sister as living in Heaven always a beautiful young woman. He did not appear to reflect that if *time* were given her in Heaven to grow up, time would go on and she would have to grow old. If we think of the babe as growing in Heaven, we must think of it as growing older and older for a hundred, two hundred, a thousand years. Refusing to do this, we admit that we are deliberately hoodwinking ourselves into a pleasant delusion.

It *does* seem hard if death shuts off the beautiful children from Life,—but it also seems dreadfully cruel the way nature lavishly creates and destroys myriads of little birds and beasts and furry things in her efforts of experimentation. Only the larger good can reconcile us in the least to the million instances of such cruelty in evolutional life. So my only answer to the

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objection of Sentiment is—and I can hardly hope that it will appeal much to the objectors—mankind is in the Order of Nature and obeys Her inscrutable decrees.

There is one final redoubt: the stand popular prejudice always makes before giving way. *What is the difference?* What good does this all do? Are we any better off for yielding a notion, which, even if false, is comforting and inspiring?

To this pragmatic argument I should heartily assent if I could agree that the combated notion is on the whole comforting and inspiring. But I cannot find any inspiration in the notion of a bad man plotting through eternity, nor even in that of an infant maintaining its spark of life forever in an environment where we have no reason to hope it will have any chance of development such as we can now comprehend.

On the other hand there is a real good to be gained by realizing the truth, as I believe, here outlined.

Knowing the right is good, as the gnostics taught. Feeling the right is good, as the Moravians with better wisdom saw. But doing the right is the one thing needful, as the Twentieth Century religion and metaphysics are thundering everywhere. "Life is just a stuff to try the soul's strength on, educe the man," says Browning. We must amend that. *Life is just a stuff to try the man's strength on, educe the soul.* The soul, the perfected fruit of evolution, hangs above the head of every man. Some, who do not care to grasp it, cry "sour grapes"; and plod their even, well-garnished way to Death. Others by inspiration take the Kingdom of Heaven by storm, leap intrepidly upward off the solid ground of self, and find that the honest question, "What shall I do?" added to an honest doing, bridges the chasm to Life. In the vernacular, it is strictly "up to us." When man proceeds beyond conventional morality and traditional faith, to a love of right and a hatred of wrong for their own sakes, he feels in his nostrils "the Breath of Life."

One need *do* nothing to fail of Life; to inherit it, he must *do*.

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THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT AND THE DRAMA OF SINCERITY

SHELDON CHENEY

IN the theatres of Europe and America to-day there are two general forms of dramatic activity that are deeply significant. One is the "æsthetic" drama that has been created by Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt and the artists of the Russian Ballet. It is a form that is hardly more than a promise as yet; but even in its beginnings one cannot doubt its significance. The other is the work of the "school of sincerity" in playwriting, that has flowered in England in the remarkable group of contemporary dramatists. It is the latest and finest development of the "psychologic drama," and in the modern theatre is equalled in importance only by the art of the Scandinavian School, of Ibsen, Björnson and Strindberg.

The artists of the "æsthetic theatre" aim to charm their audiences by a purely sensuous appeal, similar to that of music, on the one hand, or of a beautifully toned Japanese color-print, on the other. By a synthesis of color, movement and sound, by a harmonious mingling of simple but beautiful setting, colored lighting, sinuous movement, and music or poetic words, they would quicken the faculties to a purely sensuous enjoyment. In European countries the æsthetic theatre movement has grown to such vital proportions that it is absorbing the genius of some of the world's most original artists. But the American dramatist has contributed practically nothing to its development. Whether through some inherent lack of creative ability in the field of impressionistic drama, or through the limitations of the outward organization of the "show business" in America, little effort has been directed to the production of purely "æsthetic" plays. Aside from certain forms of pageantry, and the charming production of *The Yellow Jacket,* there is practically nothing to record that is even remotely suggestive of the ideals of Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt. In the new movement in the theatre, the American dramatist has made notable progress only in the field of the psychologic drama.

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"The psychologic drama" is a term invented to designate all the forms of the "regular" or "accepted" drama, in contradistinction to the æsthetic drama. The psychologic drama includes all the forms of theatre production that appeal primarily to the emotions and intellect by the unfolding of a dramatic character-story—as contrasted with the æsthetic theatre's appeal to the senses by the outward charm of color, sound and movement. It is the drama of soul-crises, of the unfolding of emotionally appealing human stories by action and words. "The drama of sincerity" is simply the most recent and the most vital development of the psychologic drama. It is the art of John Galsworthy and Bernard Shaw, for instance, and of J. M. Barrie, and Granville Barker, and Stanley Houghton.

The quality that chiefly distinguishes this group of English dramatists is *sincerity*. They strive above all to be true to themselves. But as they are men who live deeply, and study and write passionately, they are at the same time true to life and to art. Their plays are truly dramatic, rather than theatric; they are natural, but they incorporate realistic detail only when it is organic to the whole dramatic design; they deal with inner spiritual forces, rather than with outward melodramatic happenings; they affect the emotions, and indirectly the mind, by a quiet development of character, rather than by pleasing the outward senses and surface feelings by sensationalism; their work is usually *social* drama in the best sense. It is humanitarian, because they reflect contemporary life, and the spirit of the age is humanitarian.

They are stripping the theatre production of all sensational incident, of all those details that are interesting but unimportant, and of all the old insincere adjuncts of plot, acting and setting; taking the remaining essential skeleton of unified story, they are clothing it with imaginative beauty, and making it emotionally appealing. In their best work they are not losing the sense of the sweetness of life in a sense of the finality of evil; they end their plays seriously and in the same pervading mood as they began them, without straining to close with either an improbable happiness or an unlikely death. From beginning to end they are sincere.

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It is this sort of drama that the American playwright has in mind—that is, if he is concerned with the theatre as an art rather than as a business; in short, if he is sincere. If he is passionately fond of his art, and alive to every development of that art and to its relation to life, he cannot but see that the impending vital development of American drama will be toward the ideals that Galsworthy and his fellow dramatists are realizing in England.

That their influence already has been felt in America, one who has studied the productions of the past two or three seasons cannot doubt. Already there are welcome signs that the American writer for the theatre is striving to produce a body of drama close to the people, reflecting the life of the times, touched with imaginative beauty, and emotionally appealing in a sincere way. Indeed the signs are so evident that it is worth while to inquire wherein and why he has failed as compared with the English dramatist.

The present writer, and every fair commentator, must recognize that the present stage of the art in this country is an indication of a very true progress when contrasted with conditions of ten years ago. The advance during the past decade has been very real and very encouraging. And the writer believes in the assured coming of a great body of vital American drama quite as confidently as he does in the future of American painting or American sculpture. But granting the real progress of the past and the bright promise of the future, it is none the less true that the American dramatist of to-day *is* a failure if judged by his contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic.

In answering *wherein* American plays fail, one may sum up the indictment in three counts: first, that they have too much untempered strength, and not enough depth and subtlety; second, that they lack the poetic touch, the sense of beauty; and third, that they too often are marred by the attempt to give the public what it wants, chiefly in comic relief and in melodramatic turns.

American plays suffer from a surfeit of strength, of force. There is a Broadway term that exactly expresses the apotheosis of this quality—"the play with a punch." The term carries its own condemnation. The play with a punch exists for the punch, and not for the dramatic building up of a story from subtle be-

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ginnings to an emotional climax; it is just what it connotes: the prizefight element in drama—brute force and shock. It is a dramatization of the violent moments of life. It deals with surface aspects rather than underlying causes. Great drama is always strong and direct and forceful; but its strength always is blended with subtlety. American drama has the strength, but seldom the tempering subtlety. It is admirably direct, but it is shallow.

The poetic element is lacking in the productions of American playwrights. When their plays are worth while for their poetic quality, as Percy MacKaye's *Sappho and Phaon,* or Josephine Preston Peabody's *The Piper,* they take rank as literature rather than as drama. In the actable plays of the day there is not the poetic touch, the inner illuminating beauty that would make them great art. In the dramas of Galsworthy and Barrie there is a poetic element, a literary distinction, a pervading beauty that cannot be defined, and yet is always sensed by the reader or spectator. It is the touch of the poet, the artist, the dreamer, that has distinguished all great drama from Æschylus to Ibsen; it is the quality that makes plays eternally lasting and universally appealing. That quality is seldom felt in American plays.

The American playwrights as a group have been severely criticised by foreign commentators for pandering so largely to public taste. It is only too true that the majority of them have sacrificed their independence of viewpoint and their ideals of art, to give the public what it wants—or rather what the manager supposes it wants. In one sense art exists vitally only in its resultant effect upon an audience. There is no more futile abortion in the whole field of art than a true drama that is never acted before an audience. So the dramatist to a certain extent must shape his plays to the demands of the audiences of the time. But that is not a valid excuse for debasing the drama for the ever-present vulgar portion of the public. The fine thing about the situation in the dramatic world to-day is that there is a very large cultivated, serious-minded audience that is ready to accept sincere drama. One can call to mind half a dozen recent American plays that would have been just as effective and just as appealing, had they been stripped of their comic relief, their super-

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flous sensationalism, and their insincere endings—provided, of course, the dramatist making the changes had been possessed of true dramatic power, had been a true artist of the theatre. There is nothing inherently repelling about sincerity in a drama. But it is much easier to write a play that will entertain with comic relief, and melodramatic situation, and insincere sentimentality, than to fashion a drama at once sincere and grippingly interesting. The American playwrights, with very few exceptions, have failed to show themselves capable of producing drama that is true enough to art to be able to draw audiences without the aid of added insincere and inorganic attractions.

Having recognized some of the qualities wherein they have failed, one may well ask *why* they have failed. The causes are many, but it is worth while to trace one or two of the principal ones.

The lack of subtlety and lack of depth are due in some measure to the fact that our playwrights have been recruited largely from the ranks of newspaper writers. To mention only a few who come to mind immediately: Eugene Walter, Augustus Thomas, George Ade, William C. DeMille, and A. E. Thomas. The newspaper men have brought to the theatre an admirable directness and a "dramatic sense." But necessarily they have been trained to see rapidly the surface aspects of life, rather than to ponder deeply on the underlying motives and causes. They have the reportorial instinct for outward sensational situation, but not the dramatist's insight into motivation and character growth. They display a wonderful facility in grasping vital stories and setting them forth in quick, forceful strokes; but they too seldom free themselves from journalistic haste and shallowness.

Another large group of writers for the theatre—and especially of the older men—have been brought up within the playhouse, and find it difficult to get away from what is inherently theatric. They have witnessed so many times the effectiveness of the old stock situations that they mistake them for the dramatic elements of life. Men like David Belasco, who were schooled in the theatre of the eighties and nineties, cannot bring themselves to part with the melodramatic poses, the comic relief

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figures, and the distracting naturalisms of setting, that were so large a part of the stock in trade of the past generation of playwrights. One cannot but feel that they often see the right goal, that they catch glimpses of the ideals of the new movement, but that theatricality and artistic insincerity are so deeply bred in them that they never can contribute vitally to American drama.

A very potent cause for the failure of the American dramatist is that he generally is too close to the glittering lights and glittering dollars of Broadway. There is in his hurried life a constant temptation to commercialize his talents. Again and again men of solid promise have lowered their ideals to produce plays that were melodramatic, or farcical, or sentimentally sweet enough to catch the "popular" taste; and others have turned their hands to the fashioning of musical comedy librettos, to satisfy the jaded appetites of the tired business man. It happens that artistic ideals once compromised are difficult to regain. Men who once have set the dollar standard above the art standard seldom return to significant creative work. There is something pathetic, as well as something fine, in the spectacle of Charles Klein—perhaps the most successful of American playwrights according to Broadway standards—breaking all his ties in America, and sailing for England and quietude. He was big enough to see that he had lost his artistic perspective in the environment of commercialism into which he had drifted in New York. Many another writer might with advantage to his art get away from the atmosphere of "the show business" which pervades Broadway. There is no intent to suggest that the dramatist should isolate himself away from New York and the other big cities. On the contrary the great American dramatists will be distinctly of the city. But they will know the bigness and the solitude of the country as well. When they come to New York's truly remarkable dramatic centre, with its swirling life and its immense risks and gains in theatrical ventures, and its temptations to lower standards and imitate and make "successes," they will keep their heads and see that there are more significant achievements for the man of independent thought and high ideals. They will live the life of the city intensely; but they will remem-

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ber that dreaming and pondering are part of the battle. They will accept Broadway at its true value and no more.

A more fundamental reason for the failure of the American playwright is that in the American theatres the play has not been the thing. The drama has been of secondary importance to the acting and the setting; the work of the playright secondary to that of manager, producer and actor. Fortunately the condition is passing, but without doubt it has had a retarding effect upon the growth of a vital American drama. It was not so very long ago that the name of the playwright was as often as not omitted from the programme; and even now it is not unusual to see the manager's and actors' names much more conspicuously displayed than the author's. Inevitably such lack of consideration tends to degrade the position of the playwright to that of a tradesman rather than an artist. The " star system " has made it appear that the work of the actor was more vital as art than the work of the dramatist; and many a play has been marred by being strained to fit a certain " star." We are at last learning that it is the playwright's art that is truly creative, and that the actor's work should be interpretative. The dramatist should be recognized as the artist, the actor as the tool for the accomplishment of that artist's purpose. The average American play has been buried, too, under all sorts of " scenic effects " and superadded vaudeville " stunts." The manager has counted as so much clear gain any trick of setting or any added incident that would bring a laugh or a round of applause from the audience, without regard to relevance or organic connection with the essential plot. The practice has tended to degrade the production to vaudeville standards, and to discourage the writing of plays of unified structure, designed to evoke a single sustained mood. Both the star system and the managers' craze for " stage effects " have contributed substantially to the failure of the American playwright.

It is worth while to turn for a moment to the consideration of individual playwrights: to measure individually the achievement and the promise of the men who are writing to-day for the American stage.

One is apt to turn more hopefully to a man of marked poetic

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ability, like Percy MacKaye, than to some others who have shown more strength and dramatic directness but less literary distinction. For the poetic touch and the imaginative element are more difficult to cultivate than forcefulness and dramatic technique. Percy MacKaye began his career as dramatist with a series of plays which are more significant as literature than as drama. The most important of these, *Sappho and Phaon,* has admirable flashes of true poetry, but its beauty is too reflective, and the development of its action is not quite swift and direct enough to make it emotionally appealing on the stage. *The Scarecrow* is a finer piece of work, both from the stage viewpoint and as a contribution to American literature. It strikes a note of fancy, of fantastic beauty, that is one of the saddest needs of American drama. More recently MacKaye has turned to contemporary life for his stories, recognizing perhaps that he had been working too far from the life of the people. In *Mater* and *Anti-Matrimony* he attempted to treat the social and political life in which we all are interested, in a vein of subtly bantering comedy. In *To-morrow* he tried to dramatize a great social problem. No one of the three plays has been eminently successful in the theatre; but all combine the insight of the poet and a story of the life of the day. One feels that the fault that keeps them from being great American plays is rather one of form, of technique, than of material or of imperfect imaginative conception. It is pleasing to think that perhaps these plays mark the dramatist's transition period between his early "literary" work and a coming group of dramas that will combine his newly acquired conception of the significance of contemporary life with his early evidenced poetic qualities. American drama needs his fancy, his wit, his tenderness, and his wide reach of imagination and depth of insight. But he must gain a little more strength, a feeling for the forceful intensity of American life; and he must mould his stories in a form more compact, that will be emotionally appealing and dramatically persuasive. Then he may take rank as the foremost American playwright. At present he has in very generous measure those subtler qualities that his contemporaries almost totally lack; but he lacks to a certain extent the force, the

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dramatic directness, that is the only claim to recognition that some of the others possess.

It is hardly necessary to touch upon the work of Josephine Preston Peabody (now Mrs. Marks). She has been so successful in her chosen field of poetry that it would be unkind to judge even *The Piper* by the standards of actable drama instead of those of literature. Her plays, like the early plays of MacKaye, are dramatic poetry rather than poetic drama. But whereas MacKaye has latterly turned almost entirely to drama, and has achieved fame chiefly as a playwright, Mrs. Marks remains always first and foremost the poet. Her plays will live, but even on the stage their interest will always have a literary or historical flavor, rather than dramatic emotional appeal. In subject matter, in the author's emphasis on material, in method of treatment, they have little in common with the work of the men whose ideals have here been set up as a standard: Galsworthy, Barrie, Shaw, and the others. Nor would any of us desire to have her strain her art to come within the limitations of the playhouse as these writers have had to do; we prefer her as the poet.

What a contrast to MacKaye is Eugene Walter! If only one could have the poetic conception and the tenderness of the one combined with the sheer power and strength of the other! Walter is without a shadow of doubt the most forceful of American playwrights. But if MacKaye is too much the poet and dreamer, and too far removed from the life of the people, one feels that Walter, on the other hand, is almost too close to life, and certainly not sufficiently the thinker and the literary artist. His early play *Paid in Full,* despite its great popular success, can not be considered vital work, nor is it representative of the author. But in *The Easiest Way* and *Fine Feathers* Walter is at his best. And his best is significant, very significant, in the present development of American drama. But it is not great art. It is realism without the inner illuminating light of an Ibsen or a Galsworthy; and stark realism, without the poet's touch of ennobling beauty, is never universally great. Walter's plays have admirable strength, but without subtlety. They are excellent reportorial transcripts of certain brutal truths of life; but they do not give the impression of being deeply conceived:

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they are life itself rather than life transformed to beauty in the crucible of the writer's soul. They leave the spectator with the feeling that Eugene Walter is still the dramatic journalist rather than the dramatic seer. But he has shown a marked advance from play to play, and perhaps the next step will bring him the depth of insight and the delicacy of touch that will make him equally the forceful playwright and the penetrating artist.

Percy MacKaye, Eugene Walter, and Augustus Thomas are the three dominating figures among the American playwrights. Augustus Thomas is an older man than the other two, and has travelled a more difficult road. He has had to outgrow successively the ideals of a period of successful melodrama writing, and those of a period of producing farce-comedies. When he had made his name by fashioning a long series of popular but unimportant trifles, instead of being satisfied with his success he began to realize the underlying seriousness and dignity of his art; he saw that to be lastingly worth while a play must have a theme or idea of solid value. In his most recent work he occasionally has gone to the other extreme of preaching at his audience; having seen the need of driving home the idea, he has confused the *methods* of reaching their understanding, and has directly stated to them in words, has preached to them—instead of making them emotionally experience a story which would carry the same conviction. He seems not to have realized that the theatre, while it is a great moral and educative force in the life of the people, properly stimulates them to thought by suggestion rather than by statement, through emotional experience rather than intellectual understanding. But the hopeful thing is that Thomas is a master of dialogue writing and of dramatic technique, and at the same time he recognizes the essential seriousness of his art. If he learns to weave his theme more organically into the story, he will continue to hold a leading place on the American stage. Even as it is, his *As a Man Thinks* is in some respects closer to the ideals of the drama of sincerity than any other American play.

Charles Klein, though not a native American, has written more plays dealing with the problems of American life than any other dramatist. From the writing of *The District Attorney* to

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the writing of *Maggie Pepper* he has treated a series of serious problems in dramas that have been immensely popular. He is generally known as the most " successful " playwright in America. And yet this is the man who is leaving for England to escape the commercial atmosphere of New York's dramatic centre. He has seen just what the critics must see: that he has lost his freshness of viewpoint in his too close connection with the business side of his profession; that he has sacrificed some of his artistic sincerity to his desire to make his plays popularly appealing. In *The Lion and the Mouse* and *The Third Degree* and *Maggie Pepper* there are touches of theatricality and of sentimentality that are entirely out of keeping with the seriousness of the themes. He is deeply interested in the social, political, and industrial forces of American life, and he is sincerely desirous of dramatizing them seriously; but he has a dangerous knack of fashioning pretty and sweet romances that are shallow rather than deep. One can only thank him for waking the country to the realization of the value of American life as dramatic material, and wish him success in his attempt to regain sincerity by a change of viewpoint.

George Broadhurst is another playwright who chose a serious theme and then failed to treat it seriously. *Bought and Paid For* was a good and gripping American play, as American plays go. But it was obviously moulded to please the public, rather than to satisfy a burning desire on the author's part to dramatize sincerely and adequately a vital problem. " Comic relief " is a fine thing in serious drama when used as a foil to tragic tension. But the play leaves the impression that Broadhurst has made comic relief an end instead of a means.

Many other playwrights have fallen into the same vice of beginning with a serious theme and then drifting into farcical or melodramatic byways. Comedy treatment is always legitimate, no matter how serious the theme, but true comedy avoids the exaggeration of melodrama and the empty laughter of farce, quite as rigidly as does true tragedy. David Belasco is one of those playwrights who cannot keep clear the line dividing comedy and tragedy from farce and melodrama. His plays suffer from melodramatic turns; and often the core of drama is buried under

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a mass of unrelated naturalistic detail. The younger men who have worked with him necessarily have suffered from this taint of theatricality. Thus one may trace the faults as well as the virtues of Belascoism in the work of William C. DeMille. His play *The Woman* is a significant American drama in the same sense that Charles Klein's work is significant, but there is an underlying note of theatricality; it does not ring true. Certainly it does not realize the ideals of the drama of sincerity. Richard Walton Tully also collaborated with Belasco, in *The Rose of the Rancho*. The result was a play with a sweet story, and characteristic richness of extraneous detail, but with the Belasco faults. Unfortunately Belasco's influence is to be detected in the recent play of Tully's sole authorship, *The Bird of Paradise*. Starting with a big and a serious theme, the dramatist allowed the interest to be drawn away from it by "scenic effects" and by a suggestion of theatricality in treatment. But both DeMille and Tully are of the younger generation of playwrights; they have done hardly more than their 'prentice work, and may yet write vital plays.

Edward Knoblauch's *Kismet* suffered from the same faults as *The Bird of Paradise*. The production was of less value as a drama than as a spectacle. It was an interesting picture of Oriental life and customs, but the play was lost in the magnificence of the setting. And yet Knoblauch has a touch of poetry, and—if one looks back to *The Faun*—a fantastic turn, that American drama as a whole sadly lacks. It is probable, however, that he will never contribute anything essentially American to the national drama, since he so long ago expatriated himself. He is spoken of as an English playwright almost as often as an American.

In looking for the promising names in any new development of art, it is wise to give special attention to what the younger men are doing. In a search for signs of the drama of sincerity in America, two or three of the very young playwrights must be taken into account. Edward Sheldon especially gives promise of wide achievement. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that he has lately cultivated the romantic charm and rather shallow sentiment of his first play, *Salvation Nell,* instead of the wider sweep and serious

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outlook of *The Nigger*. His two plays that are at present being acted, *The High Road* and *Romance,* are graceful and interesting story-plays; but it is difficult to believe that they are deeply significant productions, or that they will long be remembered. But Edward Sheldon is sincere, and he is a master of dramatic technique; moreover he is independent and ambitious to strike into new fields of experiment. Granting him increasing breadth of vision, he soon should fulfil the promise contained in *The Nigger*. If he makes as much advance in the coming ten years as Augustus Thomas and Eugene Walter have in the past ten, his will be a vital contribution to the American theatre. Joseph Medill Patterson is another of the younger men whose work probably will help to establish the note of sincerity in American drama. A story has gone the rounds of dramatic circles to the effect that the touches of theatricality which mar *The Fourth Estate* were infused during the process of popularization by "professional" playwrights, after the manuscript left the author's hands. Certainly there was in the play a suggestion of seriousness of purpose that marked its author as the thinker rather than as a mere dramatic reporter. Charles Kenyon is another of the very young men to contribute seriously to the new movement. One turns to his *Kindling* as one of the most hopeful indications of the new note of truth and sincerity in American drama.

Passing in rapid review the plays of the season of 1912-1913 in New York, one must feel that the year's contribution to the body of significant native drama is small. Edward Sheldon's new work was interesting, but less important than might justly have been hoped for. Eugene Walter's *Fine Feathers* was another of his bits of realism without poetry, which already have been discussed. *Years of Discretion* may be dismissed as a commonplace, rather than a deeply conceived, study of American life. *Peg o' My Heart* likewise may be dismissed because it is compounded of artificiality and sentimentality, owing its effectiveness to the charm of Laurette Taylor. The two remaining successes, *Within the Law* and *The Poor Little Rich Girl,* are significant in contrasted ways. Bayard Veiller confesses that he wrote *Within the Law* simply to prove that he could achieve a popular success by lowering his standards. The result indicates

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two things: that the author is concerned with something deeper than surface aspects, and when working with serious purpose may write truthful and vital plays; and that the public now prefers melodrama dealing with serious contemporary problems to the old sort that left the mind without the least food for thought. Eleanor Gates, in *The Poor Little Rich Girl,* has made a more important contribution to the American stage, because she has brought to it the note of fantasy and the touch of poetry that it so sorely needs. Her play has a certain literary distinction, and a fantastic mingling of the imaginative and the real, that are reminiscent of Barrie. And American drama does so need a Barrie!

The season as a whole is a failure when judged by a set standard of sincerity and truth, just as the American playwright is a failure when compared with the dramatists of the English School of Sincerity. But what a success when compared with the seasons of ten or fifteen years ago! The failure is comparative only. The American stage is far from the ideal, but it is progressing in rapid strides away from its stagnation of other days.

Certainly the outlook *is* promising. If the lover of the theatre is discouraged at times, when he looks for the actual achievement, at others he must feel a very comforting optimism. For he must sense that the time, in the theatre as elsewhere, is pregnant with great quickening forces. How fine and how beautiful the flowering may be, none of us may say. But if we are alive to all that is transpiring in the playhouse—from Broadway to the universities, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific—we cannot but feel the strength of the current of change and of progress. And if we are concerned with the growth of the drama of sincerity, we may juggle with a score of names of promise. The group whose work has been discussed, from the men of long experience in the theatre, like Percy MacKaye and Eugene Walter, to the comparative beginners, like Charles Kenyon and Eleanor Gates, surely should yield one or two dramatists worthy to stand with the world's finest. And if they fail us, there are others who may step into the front rank at any moment, whose names have not been so much as mentioned: James Forbes, Austin Strong, Edward Locke, A. E. Thomas, Rachel Crothers, Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, John Corbin, George Ade, George

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Bronson-Howard, Channing Pollock, Mary Austin, George Middleton. Some of these playwrights have commercialized their talents and pandered to the lower instincts of the public; others have as yet written only plays that are passively interesting rather than important; others have put their hands to serious, dignified work, but are not complete masters of their craft. But somewhere and somehow each one has shown a desire and an effort to contribute to vital drama.

The American playwright has developed the beginnings of a great drama, of an American drama of sincerity. He has touched on the surface of the rich mine of native material; but he has not as yet worked with the exquisite balance of poet and dramatic craftsman—with high purpose and the sense of inner beauty. In this year of our Lord nineteen-fourteen, one can only say definitely that he is progressing; for the rest, one may only wait and watch and pray—and utter words of encouragement. But brooding over all the signs, one need not stretch the imagination too far to see emerging out of the future the man of wide vision, the poet who yet is the perfect technician, who will weave the material of the time into a gripping story, at the same time revealing the beauty of his own imagination. With that figure in mind one need not weep too copiously over the failure of the American playwright.

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JOHN REDMOND

L. G. REDMOND-HOWARD

IT is probably not too much to say that not since the days of Oliver Cromwell has there been such a strong personal domination of the English Parliament as exists at the moment under the dictatorship of the present Irish leader.

Daniel O'Connell, himself a democratic giant, never during the whole course of his power employed more than persuasive force—in fact during the whole of the Palmerston alliance (the exact counterpart of the Asquith alliance), he gave his support to that Minister without once insisting upon his own terms. It was a policy of trust. Parnell and his great captain pursued the tactics of intimidation and lost every victory by reason of the fear which he had himself inculcated that his triumph would be the triumph of disloyalty, the beginning of disruption.

Redmond, on the other hand, combining all the strength of these two policies without their inherent weakness, has while himself possessing the power always very tactfully insisted that all initiative should come from his opponents: and it is probably by this means that he has been able to see his case go through all the courts of legislation—the electorate, the Commons and the Lords. But the victory is none the less his: and friends and foes are alike ready to recognize that the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords for resisting the will of the people is the greatest constitutional change which has taken place in the country since the execution of Charles I for resisting the will of Parliament.

It is hardly twenty years ago since Joseph Chamberlain at the very height of his power was declaring defiantly to the young champion of Parnell, the dead leader, that "Home Rule was as dead as Queen Anne." To-day, it is not only the one living issue which dominates all others, but one might almost say it is an accomplished fact: while it is Tariff Reform, the very policy of the Unionist leader himself, which is as defunct as that celebrated monarch.

Yet this revolution has been no easy work: but as far as one

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may give the credit to any one man it belongs undoubtedly to the dogged and I might say almost "Saxon" perseverance of John Redmond—a personality which has been described as the most typically English of any living Irishman to-day.

It is always a strange metamorphosis of mind by which one comes to look upon one who used to be "in loco parentis" purely from the philosophical or political standpoint: and this was the difficulty which, as I had been brought up in his own household as one of his children after my mother's death, presented itself to my mind when I was asked to undertake a biography of my uncle: but I have always recognized that it was this view of the inner life of John Redmond which has ever since enabled me to understand the Home Rule Movement. The personality of an Irish Leader is the psychology of the Irish Question: but unlike most leaders, Mr. Redmond shrinks from the limelight whenever and wherever he is able to escape its glare, for he is probably the most private of all public men. In this he is the very opposite of such men as O'Connell or Gladstone, who were often the social centre as well as the dominating figures of their causes—nay, of their age. Once Redmond has left the lobby he is lost to view as far as the reporters are concerned: the dictator once more relapses into the hermit; and the time he enjoys most in the whole year is not the height of the London season or the American tours, but those quiet months in Parnell's old shooting lodge, where, surrounded by his family, he spends his days amidst the wilderness of the Wicklow hills grouse shooting; but, throughout, it is the private life that explains the public attitude.

Like most Irishmen he is not a pure Celt—but, like so many of the Anglo-Norman settlers, the family has become "*Hibernior Hibernis Ipsis*": and it becomes a curious coincidence by which the descendant of the first invader of Ireland under Henry II in 1172 should now become not only the champion of the whole National movement, but the bitterest opponent of English rule in the world: yet such is the fact.

The Redmonds of to-day are lineally descended from Raymund FitzWilliam, commonly known as Raymund Le Gros—one of the ablest lieutenants of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, who,

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as is well known, was first called over to Ireland by Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, in order to help the latter to regain his crown. Raymund le Gros was the advance guard of this expedition, so to speak, and landing at Wexford won the Hastings of the English Conquest of Ireland—taking the town and imprisoning its inhabitants, holding them captive till the advent of the King: for in the words of the old chronicler:

> "At the creek of Bagibunne
> Ireland was lost and won."

John Redmond is thus the lineal representative of the Conqueror of Ireland. Settled upon estates in Wexford granted in the first instance by Henry II, the family intermarried with the native race and took part in the native movements, keeping true to the old faith and the old king—in fact Redmond Hall, the family seat, was besieged by Cromwell and the land confiscated for the loyalty of Alexander Redmond, and it is now Loftus Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Ely.

Impoverished by persecution, however, the family never abandoned the national cause, taking part in the Rebellion of 1798, while, always prominent in municipal and county matters, ever since Daniel O'Connell opened the door of the English Parliament to Catholics, they have represented the county in the English Parliament—Mr. William Redmond Junior forming the fourth generation. Redmond is thus by ancestry, by faith and by education a politician.

Born in 1857, the son of a well known follower of Isaac Butt and member for his native town, John Redmond was at an early age sent to the large Jesuit college of Clongowes in Kildare, where he at once distinguished himself for his wonderful powers of oratory, gaining the debating medal, the most prized distinction in the school, with ease. He was the favorite pupil of the late Professor Bell—the well known elocutionist—and first made his name as a distinguished amateur actor, playing the parts of Macbeth and Hamlet and most of the leading rôles in the Shakespearean tragedies while yet in his teens: thus laying the foundation of that dramatic power which makes him such a commanding figure in an assembly of the colder and consequently

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less effective British orators, where his speeches have caused him to be generally looked upon, according to the late Mr. W. T. Stead, as the lineal descendant of Edmund Burke. He is probably for this reason the one whom a French or American audience would most appreciate—that élan and enthusiasm of the Celtic temperament having a great deal in common with the qualities that produced a Bossuet and a Roosevelt.

His education therefore prepared him in a singular way for his future profession: he is essentially a pleader and hence was cut out for one of the four great pleading professions—the Church, the stage, the bar, or politics.

The position of his family naturally excluded him from the profession of an actor: and though, according to the testimony of one of his old schoolmasters—Father Robert Kane, S.J., the great Jesuit preacher—" one of the most religious boys who ever passed through the college," the historic associations of his home life in Wexford early taught him that the Island of Saints had priests enough, and hence, after a short time spent at Trinity College, Dublin, he gave up his university career and went over to London, becoming a clerk in the Vote Office of the House of Commons—a small position, worth about £300 a year—and filling up his time between this and studies for the legal profession at Gray's Inn.

The sudden death of his father, the late William Archer Redmond, member for Wexford and a personal friend of Cardinal Manning, left a vacancy in what had come to be looked upon as the " family " seat. He accordingly offered himself as a candidate, but retired at the instance of Parnell in favor of the leader's own private secretary (Tim Healy), securing a seat a few months later at New Ross (1887).

The circumstances under which the young man began his career were in every way unique. It was the occasion of the famous all-night sitting when Parnell's new obstruction methods had kept the House up for some fifty hours at a stretch. The party consisted at the time of only a very few members and accordingly every single individual was an asset. Redmond, just elected, was wired for at once by Parnell, and hurried over immediately to Westminster, where he found the Irishmen still

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holding the attention of the House. A cry of welcome arose as they saw the new recruit and he had the unique experience of being introduced, making his maiden speech and being suspended all in the same day—the Speaker bringing the sitting to a close upon his own discretion, in a scene which has since passed into history, amidst angry cries of "privilege"—a word which had not had occasion to be called out since Cromwell had ordered his soldiers to dissolve the Long Parliament and remove the Mace.

A young country squire with already a college reputation, excellent social qualities and, above all, tact, John Redmond was first made whip of the new Parnellite party—a party which, as is well known, had already begun to break with the conciliatory if somewhat academic methods of Isaac Butt, and which was then only beginning that policy of active agitation and obstruction which was eventually to prove the only method of extorting any measure of relief for Ireland.

From this position Redmond began to acquire "inner experience," and soon became known as one of the ablest of the party's platform orators, being continually despatched to the provincial towns of England and Scotland in order to win over the electorate, which in those days was vastly ignorant of the real nature either of the grievances or their remedy in Ireland: but as a politician strictly speaking he did not shine at once.

Indeed when I was engaged in writing his biography I remember the late Mr. Justin McCarthy—who knew him well at the time—telling me that up to the very end Parnell, in his opinion, never seemed to have realized or done justice to the qualities of the young man who was one day to become his champion: and it was probably for this very reason—namely, because he was a moderate exponent rather than an enthusiastic admirer—that the Uncrowned King specially singled him out for that Australian lecturing tour which brought in some twenty thousand pounds to the party coffers and gained for him the affection of his first wife.

Upon his return, in fact, it seemed as if the bar and not politics would become his sphere, for he at once began completing his studies for the law, was called to the English bar at Gray's

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Inn, started practising, and in all probability would have continued what was already becoming to him a most lucrative profession had not the Parnell crisis suddenly brought him forward as a politician.

The hideous disaster of the O'Shea divorce case at the very moment of victory has now passed into history: but it is doubtful whether it was ever a necessary consequence and for a time, at least, it did not seem at all probable that the disgrace would cost Parnell the leadership—and had the party followed the initiative of John Redmond the "split" need never have occurred.

The verdict in the divorce proceedings had no sooner been reached than a meeting was hastily assembled in Dublin, presided over by John Redmond, which declared unanimously in favor of Parnell's retention as leader in spite of everything. The rest of Ireland, including several of the most prominent clergy, was already beginning to accept the situation when suddenly, like a bombshell, came Gladstone's letter refusing all further dealings with the disgraced leader. A week later the Irish bishops thundered forth a cry for his deposition and for days there was enacted in "Committee Room 15" a trial which for sheer tragedy and national importance would not have been unworthy of Westminster Hall—Parnell all the while in the chair listening to his erstwhile follower passing sentence of judgment upon him.

It was during these proceedings, when Parnell's own secretary was calling upon his followers "to drive him into the grave or into a lunatic asylum," that John Redmond first came out of his shell, so to speak, as his leader's champion; declaring that to submit to Gladstone's letter would be a violation of the independence of the Nationalist party and that this independence, symbolized by the retention of the leader notwithstanding his disgrace, was the only security Irishmen had for the redress of their grievances.

The result of the meeting is well known: Justin McCarthy called upon those who were in favor of a change to leave the room and there were left only a handful, mostly young men,

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around the deserted leader. Chief among them was John Redmond.

For a period—the short phase between the deposition and the death of Parnell—Redmond became an "anti-clerical" and was everywhere denounced from the altars, so fierce was his devotion to the chief: and it is difficult to say where the battle would ultimately have landed him had not the struggle been brought to its tragic conclusion by the sudden death of the Uncrowned King.

John Redmond at once came forward as the dead Cæsar's Mark Antony, taking charge of the funeral which took place in Dublin amidst the largest concourse of people since the death of Daniel O'Connell—the general feeling of universal sorrow and regret being indicated by the muttered cries of "murderers" which were hissed out as those who had taken part in his deposition passed through the streets at night.

The battle, however, was not yet over. At the next elections the Parnellites were reduced to about ten: though their young champion was already becoming recognized as one of the leading debaters in the House. He stood out for the old methods of obstruction, the Parnellite methods, and the others stood out for conciliation or the older methods of Isaac Butt: and for a decade there was one long fight between the Dillonites and the Redmondites.

It was not, however, until the South African war was beginning to shake the very foundations of the empire, that a sense of a common opportunity began to dawn upon Irishmen, and with that swiftness of action which is so perplexing to their English opponents, both parties suddenly met to consider the new situation. Within a few hours they had come to a decision: the new Liberal alliance, to obtain which Parnell had been sacrificed, was instantly dropped and they determined to go back to the old methods of independence which had been so effective under the dead chief. As was fitting, the leadership of the reunited Nationalist party fell to John Redmond, who for ten years—in spite of denunciation from priest and politician alike as the enemy of Ireland—had kept the flag of the old tactics flying.

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His first action—one of prolonged agitation in favor of the Dutch republics—was in every way characteristic: and though it earned him the personal gratitude of President Kruger, who conveyed his thanks to the Irish leader in an interview with his brother, Mr. W. H. K. Redmond, it cost him no little English sympathy: for the jingo spirit was mortally offended. Nor was the public abstention of himself and his party from any official welcome to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her last visit to Ireland, with the refusal later of any official participation in the Coronation celebrations of Edward VII, likely to soothe the English public: but it was eminently typical of the man.

"Anything less than unconditional loyalty"—I remember his saying at the time—"would have been an insult: anything more would have been an untruth": and I know of no words that indicate the Nationalist attitude in a more accurate definition. Possibly it would have been more diplomatic to have been silent: but it would have been more insincere: and with Redmond sincerity is everything. He is not at heart disloyal: he merely postpones his loyalty till it can have a constitutional significance.

From the first moment that his colleagues had placed him in power, now nearly a dozen years ago, to the present day, John Redmond has more than vindicated the policy of independent opposition which Parnell had inaugurated: within a couple of years, in fact, he had thoroughly reorganized the party, prepared for a return to the old policy of combat: and since that moment both Conservatives and Liberals alike have been forced to comply with his dictation.

In 1903, for instance, after a long period of agitation, the Unionists in spite of every principle they had enunciated for the past century, were compelled to pass a land bill which for wholesale sweeping reform has had no precedent in English history: it practically undid in a decade all the three centuries of confiscation and definitely established the people upon the land of their country in a way which Henry George hardly dreamt of. The appointment of a professed Home Ruler in the person of Lord—then Sir Anthony—Macdonald, as assistant to Mr. Wyndham, who was at the time Chief Secretary, was another step in the direction of conciliation: and but for the Orange outcry which

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was raised in protest the Tories would probably have carried a Catholic University and possibly a further extension of Local Government.

The limit of concessions having been reached, however, Redmond had no further use for the Government, and, the balance of power falling to his hand, he at once defeated the Conservatives and brought in the Liberals, whose huge majority in 1905 was in no little way due to the fact that the Irish vote was thrown into the scale of those who had been so many years "out in the wilderness" for Home Rule.

There was a time when it was thought that John Redmond had forever damned his cause and ruined his reputation: it was when he decided to refuse the famous "Councils Bill" which was to establish a central authority over finance and administration in Dublin. Subsequent events have shown that his policy was the very proof of his genius. As the limit of Liberal concessions and as an alternative to complete control it would undoubtedly have proved disastrous: for, coming between the party and the official, it would have led to infinite complications. Its only apology, in fact, would have been that Home Rule was impossible.

The event has disproved the main contention: it was no Pyrrhic victory, as the papers then contended: it was merely a Fabian tactic. In fact, it is a pleasant reflection of T. P. O'Connor, in his life of the last Liberal Prime Minister, to think that almost the last living action of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman was to come down to the House of Commons shortly after the overthrow of the Councils Bill to interview the Irish leader with regard to the proposal of a great "Home Rule" resolution which only his untimely death prevented him from bringing forward in person.

The first full measure which Mr. Redmond wrung from the Liberals was of course the Catholic University, which was granted after a fight of some fifty years: but the work with which his name will probably be most prominently associated in history will be the Home Rule Bill, at present the topic of the hour, which has been rendered possible only at the cost of the greatest constitutional change since the days of the early Stuarts:

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for it is hard to describe the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords in other terms.

It is not, however, merely as a politician that John Redmond is of interest: he has in addition to his public career an exceedingly powerful personality: a complex combination of aristocracy and democracy, orthodoxy and heresy, sentiment and science, progressiveness and conservatism, in which he is not untypical of the race from which he springs: and it is very hard to understand the Nationalist attitude without understanding the psychology of Catholic Nationalism in the person of the Nationalist leader.

Probably his most deeply rooted instinct is his patriotism: a patriot by birth and ancestry, he is equally so by sentiment and education. Poems, history, anecdotes, speeches—anything which has for its object or motives love of country—go at once to his heart; and it is from this patriotism that has sprung his democracy. France is to him not the country of Molière, Montaigne, Diderot and Anatole France, but the country where the Irish Brigade fought against England, the country which sent Hoche and a fleet to Ireland's help in the Rebellion: in a word, he is a French democrat in politics, but not in philosophy. In philosophy he is a Conservative of Conservatives, a Tory of Tories, beside whom—as a writer put it the other day—Balfour and Salisbury would be the wildest republicans and "sans culottes." A Roman Catholic, he looks upon his Church as the centre of thought—above all science, above all authority, above all criticism—and yet, strange to say, he feels no enthusiasm for it such as, for instance, that of the Old Catholic of France or the New Catholic of Oxford: it is no thought movement to him: to his mind theology is an absolute blank. True, wherever a Catholic school is in danger it is sure of a champion in John Redmond: but no one would think of coupling his name with Montalembert, or Windthorst or Wilfred Ward. He looks upon the Church as an organic body with a sanctity of its own sufficient to command respect in the eyes of the politician: though he is equally insistent on the limits of the clerical power in secular affairs. Yet he has never raised the question of the definition of temporal affairs, so that, like a diplomat, he has avoided rather than solved that knotty problem.

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Himself married to an English Protestant wife, he believes in toleration, but it is not upon the Liberal principle of the equal value of all denominations, but upon the Conservative principle of "belonging" to a Church "by birth." In fact I do not think the religious problem as such has ever come before his mind: the nearest approach has been in the Parnell crisis, when he was openly "anti-clerical" without going to the logical conclusion of "secularism"—a not uncommon type among Irishmen. But whatever his philosophical attitude, his political attitude is certainly commendably broad: all creeds have a right to equal liberties and nationality is a term comprehensive of all denominations: yet in his mind Protestantism is so much identified with Persecution in Irish history that it is doubtful whether he can be sufficiently "unpatriotic" to consider it merely as a philosophy.

His brother, Mr. W. H. K. Redmond, is more pronounced: they are as far apart as Louis Veuillot and Lord Acton. William is a Catholic first and an Irishman afterwards: John Redmond is an Irishman first and a Catholic afterwards; and thus when Pius X welcomed him in private audience at the Vatican as the "Leader of the Catholic party," Redmond made one of the most characteristic retorts in his life: "Pardon me, Holy Father," he replied with dignity; "the Irish party is not Catholic, but Nationalist, like their country: though Catholics do happen to form the greater part of its subjects."

Yet there is nothing of the stage Irishman about his patriotism or the reckless geniality of Lever's Celts: I know of no Irishman who is more typically English. Brought up in his own household as one of his children when the death of his sister left me an orphan, I had ample opportunities of learning at once the dignity and the moderation of his Nationalism. His studio, covered with framed illustrations from the *Cabinet of Irish Literature,* was stored with political volumes of all sorts which he was always inculcating upon us to read instead of the trashy English decadence of the *Boy's Own Paper* type; and many a time would he recite whole passages from the older patriots like Burke and Moore to try and instill into us a respect for the fervid patriotism that even in these days was beginning to sink below the flood of Anglicization and indifference. Quiet, reserved,

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almost taciturn, I never heard him say a thing he would withdraw or exaggerate a phrase to suit the moment's temperament: but always deeply earnest in his life-work to the sacrifice of everything else, he reminds me not a little of the stern parent in the play *Rutherford and Son:* though he could enjoy a *Punch* cartoon or a bon mot of Father Healy of Bray with the best.

For sheer determination and grim perseverance, however: for silent obstinacy in the face of obstacles and contemptuous indifference in the face of contradiction: for calm deliberation followed by irrevocable decision: for aloofness and distance to friend and foe alike, he has all the qualities of the English business man mixed with a certain old-world courtesy which saves him from the gruffness of the Saxon.

It is this spirit in fact which has given him the power to dominate—turning the very weapons of the English enemy against themselves: and he knows their value far too well to indulge in those shallow denunciations of England in which so many of his compatriots so recklessly indulge. I remember, for instance, during the Boer War, when every Nationalist in Dublin was expecting to hear from day to day that the Dutch had swept the English into the sea, how he would smile at the credulity of such anticipations: "No, not as long as they had two teeth opposite each other would the British Bulldogs give way," he would say; and in his heart he admired them for it: just as deep down in their own hearts they have the same respect for him, though it may assume the same metamorphosis which transformed Botha, the rebel general, into the loyal premier, before the English give vent to their sentiments.

It is the colossal determination and yet the absolute moderation of the Irish Nationalist demand which to my mind is its greatest strength at the present moment: the total abandonment of the rhetorical fireworks of the eighties: the absence of the phantom Fenians who were the nightmare of the sixties: the reduction of an abstract sentiment to a concrete grievance—much of which change is merely the substitution of the character of John Redmond for that of Charles Stewart Parnell. Parnell was always accentuating the differences: Redmond is always accentuating the similarities. Parnell was essentially a man of

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war: Redmond is essentially a man of peace. Parnell had much of the destructive spirit of the battering ram: Redmond has far more of the constructive spirit of the architect—though an architect who will not build on rotten foundations.

True, like Parnell, Redmond is a man of as many limitations as he has qualities: and the Home Rule Bill passed, his work will come to a natural end and he will make way for new movements and new men: but he will have accomplished his aim: he will have laid those conditions which are the sine qua non of future progress as well in Ireland as in England. A pioneer of democracy, he will probably end a premier of conservatism, just as *Milestones* shows is the case with every generation: but it will only be in retrospect that we shall see his true democracy, just as it is in the prophecies of evolution that we realize his conservatism. And it is with the movement as it is with the man: to understand the Irish Nationalist Leader is to understand the Irish Nationalist Movement: democratic, yet at the same time conservative and, like the problem of the age, it consists in doing by rational evolution what would otherwise produce an irrational revolution.

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THE UNITED STATES UNPREPARED FOR WAR

HARRY ALBERT AUSTIN

FOR some time past, the technical heads of our army and navy have been trying to impress upon Congress and the public at large the utter lack of preparedness of the United States for war, and while many startling facts concerning this lamentable state of affairs have been presented to Congress by these experts, the public at large seems to give little credence to, or rather to ignore, the opinions of these military and naval men. Evidently the public feels that there is some sinister motive behind these appeals for increased military and naval protection—perhaps a desire on the part of these men to secure a larger standing army and a greater navy by scaring the public into the belief that we are in imminent danger of attack by a foreign Power, and that through our lack of preparedness reverses must befall us, at least in the initial stages of any armed conflict in which we might be engaged. The American people, as a rule, are prone to boast of the fact that in our past military undertakings we always have been successful and that, with our great national resources, success must inevitably rest upon our banner. This, however, is mere patriotic sentiment. While it is true that in all past military contingencies we have met with ultimate success, with what needless loss of life and treasure this result has been accomplished a close analysis of our past wars alone will show. The War of the Revolution lasted seven years, the War of 1812 three years, the Florida War seven years, the Mexican War two years and the Civil War four years; and it is conceded by military authorities that all of these conflicts would have been less protracted had the United States been prepared to meet the contingency. The needless loss of life, the wasteful expenditure of money consequent upon this lack of preparedness cannot be estimated—it scarcely can be imagined.

The commanding general of an army who, through lack of judgment, or the Government which, by lack of thorough preparation, needlessly sacrifices life and treasure, even though

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finally succeeding in the military enterprise undertaken, cannot be said to be a good general or a wise Government.

On January 7, Major-General Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff of the Army, stated before a Congressional Committee that our army was wholly unprepared for war; that our troops were without even sufficient guns and ammunition, and that if they were sent into the field in their present condition, it would be absolute slaughter. The General made the further statement that if we were compelled to go to war at the present time, it would be at least a year before we could manufacture sufficient quantities of the munitions of war to supply our army at its present strength.

On January 28, Admiral Charles E. Vreeland, who is the first ranking officer next to Admiral Dewey, appeared before the House naval committee, and he likewise dwelt upon the unpreparedness of the United States for war from a naval viewpoint. The Admiral explained that in case of war with Japan, the Philippine Islands would be at the mercy of that country, although he believed that we could hold Hawaii and Alaska against attack by any other nation. This latter view, however, is not held by some of our military experts.

In some quarters, exception is taken to the policy of our military and naval experts in "exposing our hand" to foreign Governments by making public such statements, but these officers argue that other Governments are fully aware of these conditions, and that it only is the American people who are in ignorance of the real state of affairs; and they are of the opinion that the actual facts, humiliating as they are, should be laid before the people in order that they may be awakened to the danger of lulling ourselves into the belief that we are invincible.

One phase of this question which for the past few years has been giving our military experts grave concern is the lack of sea transportation to embark our troops in case of hostilities. It is only within the last decade that this question has been seriously considered. Prior to the Spanish-American War, and the subsequent development of the United States into a world Power, with many outlying possessions, the question of our ability or inability to transport over sea an army of any considerable

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size was never seriously considered by our military authorities. Geographically isolated from the other important military nations of the world, our impregnability from attack by any European or Asiatic Power was never questioned, and the accepted policy of our Government to refrain from any entangling alliances with foreign nations precluded the thought of our ever having occasion to transport our army over sea. But the acquisition of Hawaii, Guam and the Philippine Islands, the building of the Panama Canal, and our interest in the internal affairs of Latin-America, injected a new factor into the problem of our national defence, i. e., whether in the event of war involving the protection of these possessions or the enforcement of these policies, we could embark an expeditionary force of any considerable size and to any considerable distance within a reasonable time after the opening of hostilities.

In the event of war, that nation which is prepared to and does strike the first blow has a distinct advantage. While the general impression prevails that it is customary for a nation to declare war before entering upon actual hostilities, yet history teaches us that this is the exception and not the rule. In a book dealing with this subject, Lieutenant-Colonel Maurice, of the British Royal Artillery, stated (at the time of its publication in 1883) that out of 117 wars during the past two hundred years, in only ten instances has a formal declaration of war been made. It is well to note also that there is a tacit understanding between nations that, even during a protracted diplomatic dispute which has every prospect of ultimately terminating in a resort to arms for settlement, war-like preparations on the part of one nation may be considered a *casus belli* by the other party, and the latter may take advantage of the fact to strike the quick first blow, so very important in war. Therefore, if preparations for our national defence are to be made at all, with any hope of initial success in the event of war, these preparations must be made during times of absolute peace. To adhere to a policy of waiting until the anticipated enemy has declared war or committed an overt act, before doing all in our power to strengthen our national defence, must undoubtedly lead to disastrous results.

In the matter of these preparations, the United States has

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been lamentably lax. While, as stated before, it undoubtedly is true that with our vast national resources and our great wealth, the chances of ultimate success in war are preponderantly in favor of the United States, it also is true that the meeting of reverses during the initial period of war has a direct effect upon the general morale of the military forces and of the nation at large, and may tend to prolong what might have been a short and decisive campaign into a protracted and sanguinary war.

That nation which aspires to the position of a world Power, or has the honor thrust upon it, as may be said of the United States, must, from a strategic point of view, establish permanent naval bases, especially in those parts of the world where its possessions lie and its interests are most important. The question of the establishment and protection of these bases rests primarily with the navy, but inasmuch as the principal asset of the navy is its mobility, it should be free to perform its legitimate function of seeking the enemy's fleet and if possible destroying it. To compel it to remain in passive defence of our insular possessions would deprive it of its most valuable asset and principal function. Therefore, in order that the navy, in the event of war, may have a safe harbor in which to coal, make necessary repairs, or to flee for refuge in case of partial defeat, these bases must be held in absolute possession by our forces, and the army is called upon to aid in the performance of this function.

We have established such bases in the Philippine Islands, Guam, Hawaii, Guantanamo and, for all practical purposes, on the Canal Zone. In the event of a war between the United States and a foreign Power, especially in a war involving the Pacific Ocean as a theatre of operations, the first blow struck by our enemy would undoubtedly be at our insular possessions and naval bases in that ocean. With our comparatively small standing army and the slight prospect of its being increased in the near future, it is practically impossible to station a sufficient number of troops in these possessions to insure their successful defence against a prolonged and formidable attack. Speaking generally, therefore, in the event of war we must accept one of two courses—to attempt at the outbreak of hostilities to reinforce these garrisons quickly, or be content with their loss until we have

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secured control of the sea on the Pacific and are able to embark an expeditionary force of sufficient strength to recapture them.

It has been stated above that in the event of war with an Oriental Power, under existing conditions, this nation could do little more than passively to accept defeat in certain quarters while concentrating and mobilizing its military and naval resources. Our military and naval officers agree, generally, that the United States could not hold the Philippines against attack by such a Power, and, as mentioned before, there is a possibility, at least, of our losing the Hawaiian Islands and our naval base in Alaska. It is not to be thought for a moment, however, that our Government would be content to allow possession of these bases to pass permanently out of their hands without a strenuous effort to recapture them. But even if we subsequently secured control of the sea, it would be a difficult if not impossible task to recapture them by naval attack alone, for in modern warfare it is considered impracticable to attempt to capture strong sea-coast defences by sea attack without a simultaneous attack in rear by land forces. The futility of sea attack alone has been demonstrated many times in the past, noticeably in the attack upon the fortifications of Santiago and later in the attack of the Japanese navy upon Port Arthur. In both these cases, the successful attacking in reverse of the sea-coast fortifications by the army, with the use of high-power, long-range guns in the latter case, not only caused the surrender of the forts but resulted in the annihilation of the fleets anchored in the harbors.

In the recapturing of these bases, then, it will be seen that the army will play a most important part. The question naturally arises, Have we sufficient sea transportation to embark an expeditionary force of sufficient size to accomplish this purpose? The casual observer probably will say that if we have not sufficient Government transports for this purpose, we can impress into the service sufficient merchant marine to embark all the troops necessary. But let us see if this is true. The size of this expeditionary force and the amount of transportation necessary for its embarkation would depend upon circumstances and cannot be foreseen, but with very little calculation we may arrive at an

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estimate of the number of transports and auxiliary vessels needed by the army, and our present situation in this respect.

Speaking generally, the quantity of transportation which should be available or procurable is that which will permit the United States to put forth its entire strength at any distance and in any direction that circumstances may require. Sufficient ships should be in readiness to transport troops as fast as they can be raised, equipped and made ready for service. No force which is organized and ready to sail should ever be required to wait for ships in which to embark.

The suitability of ships for military purposes relates to their size, arrangement and fittings. The most important principle affecting size is that of unit loading; that is, capacity for carrying on one ship an entire regiment, battalion, battery, and so forth, with all of its supplies and equipment. This is considered indispensable to the best results. While it is not always practicable, in preparing for the transportation of a military expedition over sea, it is well to base our calculations with this idea in view. The principal units to be considered in the preparation of a campaign involving the use of marine transportation are the infantry regiment, the squadron of cavalry, the battery of field artillery, the battalion of engineers, the divisional field hospital, the signal corps company, the ammunition column and the supply column. These units, with their proper multiples, headquarters, etc., comprise what is known as an infantry division, which is the accepted fighting unit of modern warfare. Speaking approximately, such a division would consist of about 20,000 men and 8,400 animals.

To arrive at the amount of sea transportation necessary to embark an over-sea expedition, it is customary to base estimates on the gross tonnage of the vessels, allowing a certain number of tons per man and animal. Basing our estimates on the size and character of the merchant ships which we probably would be able to procure, five gross tons per man and eight gross tons per animal would about suit our needs. These figures would include all impedimenta, with two months' supplies for the army. Upon this basis an infantry division of 20,000 men and 8,400 animals would require sea transportation to the amount of about 167,000 gross tons, preferably in large ships of over 5,000 tons each.

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In calculating the size of an expeditionary force which probably would be needed to conduct operations over sea, in the event of a war with an Oriental Power, it is considered a most conservative estimate to say that at least two infantry divisions, or approximately 40,000 troops and 16,800 animals, would be needed in the first instance. In case our outlying bases in the Pacific were still in our possession, these two divisions should be ready to embark immediately, or should these bases have been lost to us, they should be ready to embark immediately upon our gaining control of the sea. In the first instance, then, it will be seen that it would be necessary to have immediately available on the Pacific Coast at least 334,000 gross tons of shipping. On the principle of unit loading, it would require about 100 vessels of the size which would probably be procurable on the Pacific to transport such a force. According to the best available data, there are on that ocean about 50 vessels of United States register suitable for transports which could probably be procured for our use, but what percentage of these vessels would be in our own ports and immediately available is problematical. Even if all should be immediately available for our use, it will be seen from the above figures that we could not hope to move more than one infantry division, or one-half the number of troops necessary. It is true that merchant ships from the Atlantic could and probably would be brought around through the Panama Canal, but it must be remembered that the navy would require a great many merchant vessels for its use as fast cruisers, scouts, and other auxiliary ships, and these would have to be provided for at the very outset, while the navy was fighting for control of the sea. Our regular transport service comprises about 50,000 gross tons, half of which probably would be on the Pacific and would reduce our deficit in sea transportation by that amount; but in figuring on the use of merchant marine engaged in general commercial trade, it is necessary to consider the changes required in refitting the vessels before they would be suitable for use in transporting troops. The changes are mainly involved in the fitting of berths for men and stalls for animals, in the lighting and ventilation, extra water supply and provision storage, and additional messing and sanitary arrangements. It would require considerable

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time to complete these changes, and even if the fifty ships available on the Pacific could be procured at once, it would be months before they could be refitted for the transportation of troops.

As an example of our lack of marine transportation facilities, it may not be amiss to state what was accomplished by our military authorities in the transportation of the Santiago expedition of 1898. The Quartermaster's Department chartered every American vessel that could be obtained in the Atlantic ports during the twenty days following the declaration of war and succeeded in obtaining a fleet of 36 vessels, averaging 2,500 gross tons each. The ships had an aggregate capacity of 90,000 gross tons, a little over one-half of the quantity required to embark an infantry division. The expedition was fitted out for a definite voyage of thirty hours to Havana, but circumstances finally determined that the voyage should be one of eight days to Santiago. The ships were poorly fitted, very little land transportation or mounts could be taken, the cooking and sanitary arrangements were crude, of ventilation there was practically none, and it is stated that this fleet of ships could not have embarked, under reasonable over-sea transportation conditions, a force of more than 8,000 to 10,000 men, and even then not without great jeopardy to the welfare of the men and the success of the enterprise. This is no reflection on the Quartermaster's Department of our army. That department performed the suddenly increased and multitudinous duties imposed upon it with its characteristic ability. But it was a physical condition which confronted it. The number of suitable ships which could be immediately obtained was greatly inadequate to our needs, and those vessels which were obtained lacked so many of the prerequisites of a military transport that it was impossible within the short time available to refit them for the proper accommodation of the troops.

In striking contrast to this expedition, it is well to note what Japan was able to accomplish in the way of transporting troops during the Russo-Japanese War. She had, subject to call at the beginning of that war, a merchant fleet of nearly 200 steamers, aggregating over 500,000 gross tonnage. As a simple illustration of her ability to embark quickly an over-sea expedition, it

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may be stated that at Ujina, her principal port of embarkation in that war, she was able, practically at the outbreak of hostilities, to transport General Oku's army of 100,000 men in the short space of four days. Japan relies entirely upon her merchant marine for the transportation of her armies in war, and the wonderful results accomplished by her in this respect during the Russo-Japanese War were due largely to the fact that since the Chino-Japanese War she has been paying immense subsidies to almost all of her steamship companies. She learned a valuable lesson during the conflict with China, and realizing the absolute necessity of having available a large merchant marine at the very outset of war, she has been paying about $5,000,000 yearly in subsidies, over $2,000,000 of this amount going to one company. The contrast between the preparedness for war on the part of Japan and of the United States needs no comment. We are confronted with the fact that we have outlying possessions at the very door of a nation which could transport almost immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities 100,000 men to invest these possessions, or even to attack our continental frontier, while we would be compelled passively to accept defeat during the early stages of war, until we could collect sufficient ships to transport less than one-half the number of men which Japan could embark during the first few days.

What doth it profit us to boast of our Monroe Doctrine, of our declared intention of protecting our Filipino wards from outside interference until they are able to maintain a self-sustaining republic, of our policy to protect our southern sister republics from foreign interference, and yet, when these policies are seriously assailed by a foreign enemy, be compelled to rely for their enforcement almost solely upon our great wealth and unlimited resources, with a consequent needless loss of life and treasure, when a wise course of military preparedness might prevent war at all? We boast of being a non-military nation, and of advocating a peaceful solution of all international questions, which is laudable; but it must be conceded to be the height of folly to "beat our swords into ploughshares" while those of our neighbors are being sharpened on both edges.

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THE PARAMOUNT PROBLEM OF THE EAST

J. INGRAM BRYAN

THE paramount problem of the East is how best to promote a more mutual approach of East and West. It is not too much to say that in the estimation of every thoughtful mind in the Orient to-day this is the supreme international question.

The problem was created and set on foot by the Occident, but the Orient is now left to deal with it alone, and try to push it to a satisfactory solution. After stirring the greater half of mankind out of the lethargy and seclusion of ages, the masters of the world have shrunk in despair and cowardice from the duty of appeasing the commotion thus created. The hands extended for sympathy and the voices that cry aloud for intercourse are now only on the eastern horizon.

The Orient has long evinced a sincere desire for closer communion with western ways and western civilization generally. On every side is found to-day among eastern people a frank admission that the Orient has learned, and has still to learn, much from the West, and already owes to that half of the earth an endless debt of gratitude. And the West, too, concedes, if in a half-hearted way, that it is indebted to the East for much, and has yet something to learn from oriental life and thought. But, in spite of these admissions, the difficulty has been that, while the East has been putting its theory into practice, the West has for the most part been content to treat its indebtedness to, and its dependence upon, the East as a mere theory to be neglected and relegated to the region of the impracticable.

Among those that have sincerely labored to promote a closer mutual approach between East and West, Japan stands out as unapproached by any other nation. For more than fifty years, through her sons and daughters sent abroad to study in western institutions, through world-wide travel and through the literature of all nations, Japan has been imbibing all that is of permanent worth in occidental civilization; and through the welcome of foreigners, both as residents and tourists, as well as the publica-

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tion of literature describing her aims and progress, she has done what she could to acquaint the world with her ambitions and the meaning of her civilization. Her incomparable compliment to Anglo-Saxon civilization is seen in the fact that English is an obligatory study in all her secondary and higher schools; while the names of British and American heroes are on the lips of every youth of Japan. How much does the average youth of Great Britain and the United States know of Japanese heroes and history? The reply to this question alone is sufficient to prove on which side lies the weight of desire for a more mutual acquaintance between East and West. There are a thousand Japanese who read literature about the West for every occidental who reads anything about the East. Yet the greater portion of international criticism comes from the West; for men are always liable to be cynical toward those they don't know. But is it fair to carp at and isolate oneself from those of whom one has placed oneself in a position to know little or nothing? The consequence of such ignorance is extremely dangerous in a world where the barriers of distance are fast disappearing and all races are being forced to mingle and reciprocate with sympathy.

The East, therefore, requires no special impetus to further study of the West. Japan, China and India have for years been almost wholly absorbed in this pursuit. What yet has to be done is to convince the stubborn occidental that he must give an equal and adequate degree of attention to things oriental, if the international approach is to be mutual and helpful.

How occidental thought and civilization are taking hold upon and permeating the East is an open book to the world. The practical and social idealism of the Occident has already laid its permanent impress on the oriental mind. Individual rights and individual liberty now form pressing themes in the practical politics of lands like Japan. The right of the individual to education, and to develop along the lines intended by nature, is commanding recognition in the national system of education. The right of woman to the same justice demanded by man; and the adjustment of rights between capital and labor, as well as the paramount influence of an intelligent democracy in national af-

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fairs, all these characteristics of western civilization will soon be as oriental as they are now occidental.

And yet how much has the East been able to teach the West; and how much the West has lost by the failure to learn some of the imperishable virtues that Time has bestowed on the East! How much the rushing, hysterical life of the Occident has to get from familiarity with the dignity, quietness and mysticism of the Orient! There is an impression among some western people that the East is abstractly meditative and anti-social, forgetting that the West was decidedly so until recent times, and that the East is as capable of transformation as the West. Monasticism and Puritanism were as visionary and anti-social as anything to be found in oriental society. The West has advanced beyond this stage and is now engaged in developing the practical and social side of its high idealism, steering a happy course between abstract spirituality and sheer worldliness. The Orient is also approaching this stage, and is learning to adjust a balance between theory and practice. Such anti-social theories as the caste and class systems are beginning to break and dissolve in thin air. The same process has long been under way in western countries. The ideal is thus in all lands tending more and more toward a unification of the human race and a common brotherhood of man. The development of modern communications and resultant commerce is forcing the races of mankind to mix and harmonize. The nations are becoming members of one family of peoples, among whom there is to be no place for clash of tooth and claw, except at the peril of existence. Already race-prejudice is universally condemned if not quite abandoned; and we live in the hope that what is the theory of one generation may be the practice of the next.

Perhaps the brightest hope for the arrival of true international-mindedness lies in the fact that now things of beauty and deeds of righteousness are much alike in all lands. The beautiful face and the beautiful deed, the noble ideal and the ethical achievement are just the same in Japan as in America and Europe. Both extremes of the earth see the same revelation in all high art, however much they may diverge in minor details. Despite the barriers of race and language the West discerns

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clearly what there is of poetry in the East, and Rabindra Nath Tagore is unhesitatingly hailed in England and America as from the heights of Parnassus with the same acclaim as in his own beloved India. Essays on Japanese poetry are beginning to appear in the western press, and translations of Japanese fiction find some relish among occidental minds. On the other hand the mind of the whole Far East is taken up with western literature and life. Thus in ethics, religion and art the East and the West are finding a way of mutual approach, because the beauty, the virtue and the character which mankind admires and emulates, must be the same.

One cannot observe the trend of social movement on either side of the earth to-day without being impressed with the conviction that democracy will have the greatest bearing on the future approach of East and West. In all countries in our time there is an inevitable movement from a governed to a self-governed state of society. The select and the few are giving way before the average of the mass; and the latter are disposed toward a condition where they desire not to do what is imposed on them but what they deem the highest standard of moral ethics. And so as time goes on the centre of international control will be in and not outside the heart of man, as is fast coming to be the case in society and the individual. This common ideal will draw the East and the West together along the same route.

Even now there is a mighty stirring of the people common to East and West alike. The races of mankind, for good or evil, are henceforth all in the same boat; and those that jump overboard or refuse to embark will be either lost or left behind. This rising tumult of the multitudes in their rush for the same ship and their determination to reach the same haven, is seen distinctly in the mass-meetings of Japan, the mobs of India and the repeated strikes and social unrest of Europe and America. Even the wealth of blood that war has shed during the past two or three years, is but the protest of man against what he deems injustice and infamy, as he marches toward the goal where all his fellows shall meet and be one. Thus even a common enemy is having its beneficial effect in promoting a greater mutual acquaintance among races and helping forward the brotherhood of man.

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The campus whereon man meets his greatest common enemy in modern times is what might in a general way be called materialism. Materialism is somewhere at the root of all that in our time hinders the mutual approach of nations and the development of human brotherhood. It is eating out the vitals of spirituality and blunting the nobler perceptive faculties, thus retarding the arrival of the superman. It is of supreme importance for the future of the world that the new democracy shall have a soul, a moral soul, of which it may be fully possessed. If, as we are now assured, morals are no longer to be imposed from outside, but chosen freely by the individual, it is essential that the people shall be moral enough to be capable of rightly choosing. Where every man is left to himself the weight of responsibility on the individual is tremendous; and the cry of man might well be, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Already in America there is evidence of reaction against the sudden sweep in this direction; and people are beginning to ask whether, if the community is no longer to be responsible but the individual, the latter is really capable of answering for his beliefs and their consequent actions. In fact there seems a disposition to revert to the old theory that it is society and not the individual that must be held responsible for vice and crime, and social imperfection generally. Increased personal liberty must in every land mean increased personal responsibility; and the result will mean moral and spiritual emancipation or death. The man truly free will either make or mar himself. He will either rise or fall. How to enable the free man to rise to the responsibilities of freedom is the problem laid upon both East and West now to adjust, and they cannot successfully face the task except in mutual coöperation; for should they be unwise enough to seek independent solutions, the difficulty would yet remain unsolved, for the question is one that has to be adjusted between races as well as between classes and cliques in the same family. In this all-important question the East has its eye on the West, learning what is of value toward the adjustment of the difficulty; but the West is yet blind to the meaning and movement of the East. Herein the danger lies! The settlement of the problem is left for the most part to the press, to academicians,

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and to the immediate disputants themselves, forgetting that this is a question for all the people, and will never be settled until sufficiently interesting to all to demand adjustment.

As the rock ahead is materialism, or heartlessness and consequent intellectual blindness, the only hope for escape is through the following of a common ideal, noble and worthy of man. If there be no supreme standard, nothing to live up to, shipwreck is sure. Probably this will adjust itself locally before it will universally. But the day is fast approaching when the nations of the world will be obliged to adopt a standard and respect it. Happily they are already looking in this direction, but the matter is being considered too much to the exclusion of the East. The smaller half of mankind can hardly expect to choose for the entire human race, without so much as "by your leave." One thing seems certain: in the world-ideal that mankind is to choose and follow as one brotherhood of nations, the benighted toiler, the mere wealth-seeker, the pleasure lover, will have no place. When internationalism rules mankind all labor will be the result of intelligent purpose and personality; for the universal code imposed will involve every act and deed of the individual being for the good of self and the race as a whole.

And thus the East and West to-day are face to face with the same problems and share the same moral freedom as to the future. This moral freedom is essential to their highest good, just as in the case of the individual; but having attained it, if they do not choose the right, they court disaster. In so far as freedom means license it is an evil, but the responsibility must rest on the individual race, as upon the individual person. The East equally with the West is breaking away from conventional morals; the whole world, in fact, is striking out on new and perilous seas. Whether society on either side of the world is yet capable of sane self-control without extraneous assistance is a grave question. But the nations will make more progress toward a solution by putting their heads together than by striving to arrive at independent conclusions. The hopes of the future lie largely in the direction of moral education, involving a survey of world-wide thought and practice. Man in all lands must be taught the good he ought to seek, and the best way to attain it.

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The essential principles of human conduct must be the same everywhere and among all. Here is where the schools of East and West are alike deficient. There is no adequate instruction in the art of living, in the true science of conduct; youth is instructed how to get money, how to surpass materially its fellows, but not how to get life and to be human. Moral teaching to-day affects manners more than morals and motives. Our schools should teach those who attend them to think morally, to criticise and test life. In both East and West our best writers of fiction are doing more in this direction than our national systems of education. But, until it becomes a sacred burden upon the hearts and minds of the educational authorities, the future must remain internationally anything but reassuring. The problem of the schools must also be how to promote a closer approach between East and West. And this problem is not material in any but a sense that will adjust itself: it is essentially a moral and spiritual problem, which only careful education and mutual knowledge can solve.

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THE PROGRESS OF EUGENICS *

C. W. SALEEBY, M. D.

TEN years have now passed since the newly formed Sociological Society asked Mr. Galton, as he then was, to use it as a platform for the public launching of what he has taught men to call eugenics. He accepted our invitation, and addressed a small audience in a London class-room on *Eugenics, Its Definition, Scope and Aims,* in May, 1904. Soon afterwards, thanks to a kind invitation from him, and his appreciation of an article on the subject, it was my privilege to serve that great man in his earliest efforts to obtain a hearing for eugenics, and a place for it among academic studies. At one time I very nearly persuaded him to write a book upon eugenics, but a survey of the literature which would require to be studied led him regretfully to abandon a task too heavy even for his superb old age. Thus it came about that, five years after that memorable meeting of the Sociological Society, and following upon three lectures at the Royal Institution, in 1907 and 1908, I essayed the writing of an outline of eugenics, under the title of *Parenthood and Race Culture,* in which the ideals and scientific principles of "race-culture" or "race-improvement" were presented to the reading world. It need hardly be said that every line of that book was read before publication by the critical eye of my master, to whom it was incalculably indebted, and without whose help and approval it could have had no authority whatever.

THE LAST LUSTRUM

Five more years have passed, and the time seems ripe for an attempt to survey the progress of eugenics, less in the past decade as a whole, than in the latter half of that period. We have learnt much, and have had to unlearn scarcely less. Events, scientific, academic, legislative, have crowded upon one another, not merely in England, but notably in the United States, where

* This article contains the substance of the lectures, of the same title, delivered before the Société Française d'Eugénique in Paris in January, and the Royal Institution, London, in March and April, 1914.

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my presentation of Mr. Galton's ideas, as I understood them, was much more widely considered than in his own country.

A few notes will suffice to show how much needs to be added, or re-stated, thanks to the extraordinary lustrum which has passed. After receiving the meagre honor of a knighthood, some forty years overdue—an honor entirely unsought, and one which gave him a real and charming pleasure—and after giving to the world his *Memories of My Life,* as delightful and valuable and modest an autobiography as literature can boast, Sir Francis Galton passed away; henceforth eugenics must develop as best it can without his judgment, his prestige, his knowledge, his wise enthusiasm, and the beautiful tolerance of a soul in which there was no bitterness at all, even for those who unscrupulously and persistently misrepresented his aims and attributed to eugenics a character of stupidity, immorality, and materialism which they alone were capable of conceiving.

But Galton lived to see great developments in the external appanage of eugenics, some of them due directly to his own munificence, and more have followed since his death. He began by founding a scholarship in National Eugenics at University College, London, and the days seem indeed remote when those whom he asked to serve on a kind of advisory committee used to meet under his direction, or that of the late Professor Weldon, whose premature death was a great loss to eugenics. We had no room really to call our own then. But now there is a great department of eugenics at University College, and the University of London can boast the first, and, at present, the only Chair of Eugenics in the world, handsomely endowed under Galton's will, and occupied by Professor Karl Pearson, one of the most distinguished of living mathematicians. Furthermore, eugenic societies have sprung up in many parts of the world: the Eugenics Education Society in London, with many similar societies in the provinces, and one in Ireland, the New Zealand Society of Eugenics, another in New South Wales, and, founded only last year, the Société Française d'Eugénique, with its excellent journal *Eugénique.*

But the United States has really done more for the progress of eugenics than any other country in the world. Thanks to the

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American Genetic Association and to the aid given by my distinguished friend, Dr. David Starr Jordan, the American Eugenics Record Office, under the leadership of Dr. Davenport, has applied the principles of a new department of knowledge to the study of human heredity, and has added more to our understanding of that fundamental subject, in the last five years, than all preceding time could record.

MENDELISM

That new department of knowledge is now known as genetics, a name applied to it by Dr. William Bateson, formerly of Cambridge, now Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution, and President-Elect of the British Association, who is the chief student of heredity to-day. Ten years ago the work of Mendel had only very lately been re-discovered. Galton was broad-minded enough to recognize that Mendel had made a great discovery, but his principal mathematical follower held other views. Mendelism was strenuously fought, and for years the chief object of the biometrical laboratory at University College seemed, and indeed still seems, to be to prove that the inheritance of this or that human character is "not Mendelian." Five years ago I referred to Mendelism, and warned the reader against the view that this theory would be of no importance for the study of man —but nothing definite could then be said as to Mendel's law in man, though, in dedicating my book to Mr. Galton, I was compelled to repudiate his "law of ancestral inheritance," which would be of such importance for eugenics if it were true, but which cannot stand in the light of our new genetic knowledge.

The progress of genetics in the past five years has surpassed all expectations. The Mendelians have gone on from strength to strength. They established their case for numerous characters in plants and animals, but it was still possible for their opponents to deny the application of Mendelism to man. Major Hurst, however—soon afterwards confirmed by Davenport in America—showed that, in point of fact, so simple, definite and easily studied a character as the color of the eyes is inherited in man according to Mendel's law. The facts could have been ascertained at any time—by Aristotle as easily as by Major

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Hurst; no modern instruments were required, but merely the right way of recording pedigrees, which Mendel conceived and applied in the monastery garden at Brünn fifty years ago. A few other normal traits, such as the color and form of the hair, right and left handedness, have similarly been shown to follow Mendel's law, but neither eye-color nor any of these is of eugenic importance. On the other hand, the American observers have shown that various morbid traits of the utmost eugenic importance, such as forms of epilepsy and mental deficiency, follow Mendel's law. In Great Britain, the same has been shown, by the late Mr. Nettleship and others, for a large number of extremely rare defects of the eye and the skin. And, last year, Dr. Kerr Love, of Glasgow, guided by the American methods to which it was my privilege to direct him, published a series of lectures—*The Causes and Prevention of Deafness*—in which he demonstrated the existence of a Mendelian form of deaf-mutism. These important discoveries must long hereafter be discussed, for their urgent practical importance. Meanwhile they serve to show the most significant of the changes which eugenics has undergone since its foundation.

The fact is that any practical science which depends, above all, upon heredity, must reconsider its statements and its intentions from first to last in the light of our new knowledge. To the breeder of wheat or roses or racehorses this statement applies, but it applies no less to those who seek to serve human parenthood and the future. The laws of heredity are not as Galton understood them, and they are not to be elucidated by the methods which he employed, and which Professor Karl Pearson has since elaborated and still employs. It was a tragedy for biology at large, and above all for eugenics, that Gregor Mendel should have been appointed Abbot of Brünn, and should have lost all interest in his own researches, so that Darwin died without having heard his name, and Galton studied heredity for decades, without the key which Mendel had already forged, but of whose existence no one outside Brünn was aware.

That cannot be helped, but what can be helped is the tendency to continue along the old lines, and shut our eyes to the

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significance of the new methods—which are in fact older than Galton's, though our acquaintance with them is so recent.

Mendel and Galton were born in the same year, as the Englishman reminds us in his generous tribute to Mendel, and between them, had they known of each other's work, they could and would have carried our knowledge of heredity to a point which it cannot now reach for another decade or more. Our business is to go forward, honoring Galton none the less in that we find ourselves compelled to abandon his generalizations, and to restate the postulates of eugenics in many respects.

It is the importance of the individual that emerges from the study of Mendelism. Two children of the same parents can no longer be looked upon, from the standpoint of heredity, as being "as like as two peas." Or rather, we must recall the fact that the peas in one pod may be utterly different in genetic characters, as Mendel showed. Statistical statements of averages and probabilities will not do. When Galton gave the Herbert Spencer Lecture at Oxford, he chose as its title *Probability the Foundation of Eugenics*. It will not do. The probabilities of the statistical method are untrue as biological facts, and they are useless for the service of eugenics. It is the individual youth who wants to know whether he is justified in marrying and becoming a parent, and eugenics must either be able to state something definite about him as an individual, or hold its peace. Thanks to the application of Mendel's method to man, there are hosts of instances where positive statements as to the results of any given human mating can be made, and our knowledge thus becomes a guide of life for those who acknowledge any responsibility to the unborn.

Further, Mendelism has taught us the importance of the unit character. If three or four Mendelian factors may be involved in the production of the simplest anatomical characters in plants, and if the inheritance of such characters can be understood and controlled only when each of these factors has been unravelled, we shall be less ready than some of us have been to talk confidently about breeding for genius, which may be reasonably supposed, on any attempt at psychological analysis, to be a

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few hundred times more complex in constitution than, say, the color of a sweet pea.

Most hopeful for the future of eugenics in Great Britain is the recent establishment of the Arthur Balfour Chair of Genetics at Cambridge. Professor Punnett's duties comprise the study of genetics in living forms at large, and no one will question that such a chair was needed, and that Cambridge does well in possessing the first chair of its kind in the world. But what we now urgently need in Great Britain is a Chair of Human Genetics. This is the subject which lies at the very foundation of eugenics, and nowhere in this country has it any adequate recognition, or anything approaching the advantages of the American Eugenics Record Office. It is to be hoped that, ere long, this urgent need will be met, and that the study of human heredity may be able to avail itself of as many material advantages and resources as if its subject matter were horses or pigs.

BIOMETRY

The rise of genetics in the last few years has had an inevitable corollary in the simultaneous decadence of the method which, elaborated from Galton by Professor Karl Pearson, is known as biometry. Ten years ago, biometry was in its heyday. No one was in a position to challenge its conclusions, Mendelism was regarded as a biological curiosity of hybridization, and the publication of reports on alcoholism and tuberculosis and infant mortality, which were demonstrably nonsensical, had not begun. Failing any other method of studying the facts of heredity, biometry held the field. Its results were accepted at their face value by students generally, including the present writer. Then came the advance of Mendelism, the work of de Vries and Johannsen, showing the difference between "fluctuations," due to the accidents of nutrition, and true "mutations," which have their seat in the germ-cells, and are inherited. Biometry, we saw, had failed to distinguish between these fundamentally different things, as it still does. Work done by the biometric method, as upon the inheritance of coat color in horses, was done again by the Mendelian method, which observes the constitution of each parental pair, and it was shown that the

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essential facts had been missed by a method which ignored altogether the details of the individual matings, as biometry necessarily does. In the words of Professor Bateson, "To those who hereafter may study this episode in the history of biological science it will appear inexplicable that work so unsound in construction should have been respectfully received by the scientific world. With the discovery of segregation it became obvious that methods dispensing with individual analysis of the material are useless. The only alternatives open to the inventors of those methods were either to abandon their delusion or to deny the truth of Mendelian facts."

Those who once believed in biometry and practised its methods have come to "abandon their delusion." Dr. Davenport and Professor Raymond Pearl, leading American eugenists, may be cited as illustrations of this statement. Sir Francis Galton died before the complete exposure of the biometric memoir on alcoholism, and his faith in the method was testified by the large endowment which he left for its practice. But it has no home outside University College, London, and whilst we must regret the lamentable waste of energy and money which its continued prosecution involves, we need pay no further attention to it here. No reliance can be placed on any conclusions which depend for their authority upon the use of this method alone, and I can only express my regret for having, nine years ago, based biological and eugenic arguments upon biometric evidence—as, for instance, regarding the influence of mating upon variation—which we now know to be worthless. From these few paragraphs American eugenists and the American public will learn that I entirely dissociate myself from and deplore the lamentable attack upon the American Eugenics Record Office which has just been published by the Galton Laboratory.

THE "QUESTIONNAIRE" METHOD

The biometricians have largely employed a method which is not, indeed, peculiar to them, and from which they would be the first to obtain valuable results if any students could. This we may call the *questionnaire* method, which consists in preparing lists of questions to be answered by interested persons, and

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then submitted to statistical analysis. The recent American work has shown clearly that to rely upon *questionnaires* alone is to court disaster. Everything concluded from such inquiries needs re-investigation, and where such re-investigation has been undertaken the results based upon the *questionnaires* have had to be discarded. "Individual analysis of the material," in Professor Bateson's phrase, is essential. If that be true of peas, and their simple characteristics, it is a thousandfold truer of human beings and such traits as conscientiousness, which the biometricians, incredible to relate, have actually "studied" by means of *questionnaires,* and have pronounced upon as if it were a simple inheritable unit like blueness of the iris. I believe that the French Society of Eugenics contemplates the issue of *questionnaires* on a large scale to doctors and other students in France, but it is to be hoped that not too much time will be wasted in this way, which except for limited purposes has been tried and found wanting.

The reader will see that, whilst we know much more than we did ten or even five years ago, we know much less than we thought we did. Eugenics is an applied art or practice, like clinical medicine, depending on numerous scientific bases, and as these develop, eugenic practice, like medical practice, must be modified. To write a treatise on practical eugenics to-day, assuming the truth of all the conclusions reached in the memoirs of the biometricians, would be simple and might be convincing. The law would be laid down on conscientiousness, insanity, tuberculosis, alcoholism, and a host of other subjects with clearness and confidence. Such a task might have been essayed a few years ago, but the case is different now. The cautious eugenist must confine himself to stating conclusions and demanding public action accordingly, only in so far as he has genetic, microscopic, or experimental evidence. We have such scientific evidence for certain cases of the highest eugenic importance. This evidence is practically all due to the work of the last five years. But the lay reader must be forbearing if we speak with the utmost hesitation on many other subjects, on some of which many recent converts to eugenics have inclined to speak and demand as if we knew what will not be known for many years to come.

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EUGENICS AND NATURAL SELECTION

Just as modern eugenics needs to be based upon a theory of heredity which has only come into its own during the last few years, so also we require to recognize that a certain biological theory, commonly quoted as the ultimate argument of eugenics, stands no longer where it did. This is the theory of "natural selection," which was advanced in a moderate form by Charles Darwin, and is preached by the neo-Darwinians in a form which Darwin himself repudiated in set terms. Upon this theory of natural selection is based a eugenic demand which practically consists in the condemnation of charity and altruism in all their forms. Thus eugenics comes to be represented as an alternative to social reform, an enemy of love, and a new buttress for the selfish and fortunate members of society; and thus it makes hosts of enemies, as any such thing should. Galton hoped that eugenics would become part of the religion of the future, and it will hereafter be made clear that the shocking and disgusting perversions of eugenics which have been in evidence during the last few years, and which are contrary to every religion but Mammonism, have no sanction either in science or in morality.

Darwin always believed and asserted that some influences affecting future parents will affect the character of their offspring. *This was the teaching of his illustrious predecessor, Lamarck,* and it is involved in the biological philosophy of my friend and teacher, Professor Bergson, whose lectures in Paris this year have renewed the gratitude of many to him. The modern followers of Darwin, however, have rejected this view, and proclaim natural selection as the only means of changing the character of a race, for they declare that environment may modify individuals, but that the characters thus acquired are never transmitted. This is a cardinal assumption of eugenics as it is taught and advocated by nearly all eugenists to-day, and from it I expressly dissociate myself in the light of the experimental work which has been done in various parts of the world, but unfortunately not at all in Great Britain, during the past few years. If the neo-Darwinian view were true, we should be completely discharged from the necessity, on eugenic grounds,

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of taking care of future parents. On that theory, such young people are the trustees of a certain type of germ plasm *which nothing can alter*. Thus, the circumstances may affect them, as individuals, for good or evil; they will not affect the race as such individuals are capable of reproducing it.

In this preposterous form the neo-Darwinian theory was never held by Darwin nor by Galton, and has been expressly repudiated by Weismann, who is commonly quoted as its great authority. But nothing is better established in biology, thanks above all to the great German student, than the fact that a great many changes effected by the environment in the bodies of future parents are totally without any influence upon the germ plasm and the future. On the other hand, the new experimental work, such as that referred to below, has shown that some influences may and do act upon the germ plasm, through the parent, with most important consequences for eugenics.

Observe, then, the difficulty in which the eugenist finds himself to-day, if he is determined to fit his practice to the facts. All is clear if we follow Lamarck, and assume that every change in the individual means a corresponding change in his potentialities as a parent. All is clear, no less, if we follow the neo-Darwinians, and assume that no influence acting on the individual will affect his potentialities as a parent. But now we find that neither of these statements is true. Some influences affect the individual but not the race in him, and some affect both. No generalization on this subject is true—and hitherto we have dealt in nothing else. Henceforth, however, we must be prepared to make a separate inquiry, not as to what can happen on a given theory, but as to what does happen, in every case that concerns us. Does education of the parent affect the child's mind? Does parental alcoholism affect the child's body, or the mind? These are questions which must be separately answered, and then we must try to act, for eugenic ends, as the answers dictate.

But it is already certain that, in numerous instances, influences acting upon individuals affect their offspring profoundly. Thus, recently, my friend Professor Houssay, who is one of the leaders of eugenics in France, *has shown by experiment that to feed fowls upon a meat diet is to cause extinction of the race in a*

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few generations. It is probable that luxury and over-nutrition may have such an influence in ourselves, and nothing can be of greater importance for eugenics. Again, Bertholet in Lausanne, and Stockard in New York, within the last five years, have proved that parental alcoholism causes degeneracy in the offspring, and, finally, sterility.

PREVENTIVE EUGENICS

A new department of eugenics, we see, needs to be recognized, which never came into Galton's purview at all, and for which it has been my business, during some years past, to attempt to obtain recognition in Great Britain especially. It is clear that, by injudicious nurture of future parents, we may injure the race. It thus becomes a eugenic duty to recognize and fight those substances which I call the "racial poisons"; and we find ourselves involved in the task of what I call Preventive Eugenics, which prevents degeneracy due to parental malnutrition.

When eugenists can be persuaded of the facts upon which this contention is based, we shall hear no more of the arguments about the relative value of attention to "nature" and "nurture," which occupy most of the time at eugenic meetings. We shall see that the nurture of the future parent may affect the nature of the offspring, and that eugenics consists in much more than the mere practice of selection, regarding all individuals as immutably good or bad for parental purposes, and ignoring their individual nurture altogether. I am convinced that the importance of this part of eugenics will be steadily found to increase in the light of increasing knowledge, and that it will reduce to the level of a meaningless farce the present efforts of many eugenists to discount the value of the care which is being increasingly devoted to children and adolescents of both sexes. These will be the parents of the future, and though they differ widely in parental possibilities there is not one of them that may not be utterly ruined, as an individual, and as a parent, by such malnutrition as we contentedly witness to-day at both ends of the social scale.

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POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE EUGENICS

As here presented, eugenics will therefore be a very much larger and more difficult matter than the eugenics of my master, Galton. Recognizing the vast differences in human stocks, and the great value of fine people to a nation, he argued that we must encourage parenthood on the part of persons belonging to fine stocks, and to that project he gave the name of eugenics. But it is no less necessary to discourage parenthood among defective individuals, and to this, with Galton's approval, published in the last lecture he ever delivered, I gave the name of negative eugenics, calling his own scheme positive eugenics. No sooner was this seen and formulated than the overwhelming new evidence as to the influence of parental nutrition upon offspring made it apparent that eugenics required much more than selection and rejection for parenthood; the nurture of future parents is essential also, and we require to invoke the help of many sciences which were formerly thought to be of no account for our purpose. Eugenics as thus presented differs widely, in scientific assumptions and in practical proposals, from that which is commonly taught and advocated in Great Britain, to say nothing of the amazing reports one hears from America, and most of which, one presumes, are inventions. On the other hand I expressly disclaim any association with or approval of the perversions of eugenics which find utterance on many sides to-day, which have no science behind them, but only the echo of dead formulæ from the nineteenth century, and which seem to me to be brutal in spirit, immoral in principle, inaccurate in theory, and wildly impossible in practice. I cannot prevent anyone who advocates the neglect of infancy, or marriage without love, or the lethal chamber, or the measurement of "soul vibrations," from calling himself by the name of eugenist, which I introduced now many years ago; but I write these words with the prime intention of showing that eugenics as I learnt it from Galton, and as I have always advocated it, differs *toto cælo* from such views as those.

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RAILWAY MAIL PAY

WILLIAM JOSEPH SHOWALTER

THE controversy that has been on for several years over the question of compensation for the carrying of the mails by the railroads, promises to become more acute during the present session of Congress. The Bourne Commission is about ready to get down to the task of writing its report, which, with all of the conflicting evidence that has been brought out by the inquiry, is not an easy task. The railroads claim that they are underpaid to the extent of about fifteen million dollars a year. In discussing that claim with Postmaster-General Burleson recently, he said to me:

"I am sure that there can be no reasonable ground for such a claim. My own view of the matter is that if we could know the truth, it would be that the railroads were more overpaid than underpaid. If they are so much underpaid, why am I so constantly being waited upon by railroad representatives who importune the Department to send more mail by their routes, and who agree to make all sorts of special and additional facilities for handling the new business they seek?"

Between these two extremes there is a possible difference of many million dollars. And Congress has appropriated liberally for the Bourne Commission and for the Post Office Department for the purpose of finding where, between these extremes, the truth may be found. In trying to arrive at a conclusion all sorts of avenues of investigation have been opened up, all kinds of bases upon which to predicate a judgment have been advanced, and innumerable grounds for argument have been brought forward. The best statisticians of the Government service and the best ones of the railroad world have engaged in a battle of wits with figures as their weapons.

Under these conditions it would seem presumptuous for me to come forward with the expectation of shedding new light upon the controversy. But there is an angle of the situation that to some extent has been overlooked by both sides which, it seems

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to me, is somewhat persuasive in the direction of the truth. Rather, I should say that there are two angles, instead of one. Both are statistical, and both are taken from the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The first deals with the relative rates for carrying a pound of express and a pound of mail. Since Mr. Ralph Peters, of the Railway Mail Pay Committee, representing the railroads, has repeatedly declared that the roads stand pat on their contention that weight and distance are the true bases upon which rates shall be fixed, a comparison between the express business of the country and the railway mail business is most timely, as it sheds some light on the question of what the commercial world fixes as the rate for handling such business as the carriage of the mail involves.

In 1908 the total amount of mail carried by rail in the United States weighed 1,167,000,000 pounds. For performing that service the railroads received, according to the report of the Auditor for the Post Office Department, $49,404,000, or 4.23 cents a pound. But this makes no allowance for mailbags and furniture carried, which would bring the total weight of mail and equipment up to 1,800,000,000 pounds, making a per pound rate, for mail and equipment, approximating 2.63 cents. The statistics gathered by the Post Office Department point to the conclusion that the average pound of mail and equipment is carried 500 miles, as may be seen by reference to page 100 of the Hughes Report on Second Class Mail Matter.

With this ascertainment of the per pound rates for carrying the mail, let us see what the per pound rate for carrying express is. We have that fixed at 74-100 of a cent, as is disclosed from an examination of page 19 of the Interstate Commerce Commission's report on express companies for 1909. So, pound for pound, mail cost 5.7 times as much to move as express. We must allow, however, for the equipment that moves with the mail, which gives a pound rate of 2.63 cents, so that the railroads got nearly 3.6 times as much for moving a pound of mail-and-equipment as for moving a pound of express without equipment allowance.

Now there is another principal factor in this weight com-

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parison, and that is distance. We know, in a general way, that express has a shorter haul than mail, and from that viewpoint should get a lower rate. If we assume that the average weight of an express car load is five tons, as the railroads claim, and that the express car earnings per mile are 23.15 cents, the maximum earnings claimed by the railroads, that gives a ton mile rate of 4.63 cents. Thus, taking the lowest claim of tonnage and the highest claim of car mile earnings, we get what must be an outside ton mile rate. Applying that ton mile rate to the flat rate of $14.80 as it was ascertained by the Interstate Commerce Commission, we would get an average haul of 319 miles. On this basis it would cost $21,000,000 to move 900,000 tons of express 500 miles, where it cost $49,404,000 to move the same weight of mail and equipment the same distance.

I agree that this seems to be an overstatement of the average express haul even though it is based on the lowest estimate of express load and the highest estimate of express car earning that have been made, and applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission's statistically ascertained flat ton express rate of $14.80 per mile. Let us go to the other extreme, taking an average haul of only 200 miles—fifty-six miles shorter than the average freight haul. This haul, applied to the flat ton rate of $14.80 fixed by the Commission, gives an express ton mile rate of 7.4 cents; and this, in turn, applied to the highest car mile earnings on express cars that has been claimed by the railroads—23.16 cents—shows an average load of only 3.17 tons. As no one claims that the express load is so small, and only the railroads claim the car mile earnings are so high, it must follow that the average haul is more than 200 miles. Yet even on this basis we find that pound for pound and mile for mile, we get a gross difference of $14,000,000 on a transportation service of the extent and weight rendered the United States in the transportation of the mails in 1908. Yet with this difference against the Government the railroads claim they are underpaid to the extent of fifteen million dollars; so that, even assuming that express moves only 200 miles and that mail moves 500, we still find that pound for pound and mile for mile the railroads demand $26,000,000 more for moving 900,000 tons of mail 500 miles than

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they get for moving the same amount of express the same distance.

How can we explain this difference in the cost of the two jobs, which are identical in weight and distance? The railroads claim that three million dollars of it is explained away by extra services, outside of actual haulage of the mail. The remainder, $23,000,000, they attempt to explain away by saying that it is due to lighter loads of mail than of express, and to the use of heavier mail than express cars. But suppose it should happen that we should find that the light-loaded mail car earns as much for every mile it travels as the heavy-loaded express car. What then would become of this argument that the difference in the weight of the load entitles the railroads to increased mail pay? Would it not become a case of the boot being on the other foot?

We hear a great deal about car-foot miles in these days of the Bourne Commission investigations, but they are all based on a month's inquiry in November, 1909, during which time figures of car-foot mileage were gathered by the railroads and the Post Office Department. After they have these figures, they still differ to the extent of 35 per cent. as to their interpretation.

But fortunately there are figures which were prepared without thought of making out a case, about which there can be no room for difference of opinion as to what they signify, and which are almost entirely full-year figures. In the report of the Post Office Department for 1909 it is stated that there were 1,111 full mail cars in the service, and 3,116 apartment or half cars. Counting two of the latter as one full car, their total mileage for the year, ascertained by the simple process of computing the number of trips and the distance covered per trip, was found to be 190,000,000 miles. This represents, according to the November investigation, 85.9 per cent. of the total space used, the other 14.1 per cent. being made up of storage space, dead space, and closed pouch space. The total mileage, including these items, some of which the Post Office Department contends ought not to be included, was 221,000,000 miles. Dividing that into the $46,606,000 received by the railroads, after allowing them a credit of $3,000,000 for other-than-train-transportation service, we find a rate per car mile of 21.1 cents. Remembering that

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85.9 of this is based on all-the-year figures, of a most simple nature, we must accept this result as a close approximation of the total mileage.

Now, let us turn to the express companies and see what their cars earn per mile. This November report assigns to them 10.62 per cent. of all the train space in the passenger train service. That seems an understatement of the percentage from several standpoints. It assumes that not one car in nine on the road is an express car, which flies into the face of common observation. It is based on a month when passenger revenues were higher by about 2 per cent. than during the average month of that year, which would tend to indicate a heavier-than-average passenger car mileage for the month. But most of all, it is based on a light express month rather than an average one. November is in a measure comparable with April in express traffic volume. Turning to the Interstate Commerce Commission Report on Express Companies for 1909, we find that the total tonnage for December was 401,000 tons; for August it was 421,500 tons; while for April it was 342,500 tons. Therefore, with the passenger car space above normal, and with the express car space below normal, we must conclude that 10.62 is an understatement of the proportion of express cars in the average all-the-year-round train. But, in the absence of anything better, let us accept it and apply it to the total passenger service car mileage of 1909, which was 2,746,000,000 miles. This results in an express mileage of 291,723,000 miles, and gives, when divided into the railroad revenues from express for 1909, a car mile earning of 20.4 cents.*

* How unreasonable is the claim of the railroads that their express cars were earning 23.16 cents a car mile in 1909 is illustrated by these total mileage figures. We know, based upon their own annual reports to the Interstate Commission in 1909, that they earned a total of $59,647,000. It follows that if we divide the earnings per car mile into this we ought to get the total mileage. The result is 257,000,000 car miles. Now, if a comparison of relative space taken in a month when passenger mileage was above normal and when express traffic was below normal still shows a total of 291,723,000 miles, how can we escape the conclusion that a mileage of 257,000,000 car miles is far and away too low, and consequently the car mile rate proportionately too high? Such a mileage is only 9.36 per cent. of the total of all passenger train car mileage, as compared with the 10.62 per cent. the railroads themselves admit. It would call for only one express car in every movement of 10.7 cars. Yet the rate that Dr. Lorenz fixes

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From all this we cannot very well escape the conclusion that the express car was earning less per mile than the mail car, in 1909. I am sure that nowhere else are there any figures so reliable as those I have quoted. They are in the main the product of the annual statistical compilations of that most sterling of all economic statistical institutions, the Interstate Commerce Commission.

And now, seeing by them that the express car earns less per mile than the mail car, by what right can the claim be made that the lighter load of the mail service is to the hurt of the railroads? Starting in with an attempt to find out how much of the great difference in per-pound-per-mile rates in the transportation of mail and express should be charged to the lighter load in the mail car, we come out with the conclusion that it must operate to the advantage rather than to the disadvantage of the railroad. We come out with very persuasive evidence that the light-laden mail car earns considerably more for every mile it travels than the heavy-laden express car. So, by all fair inference, this claim of light weight as being the principal justification of high relative mail pay, becomes a piece of captured artillery to be turned on those who bring it forward.

In order to drive this fact home I risk being tedious, for it seems to be the crux of the whole situation. If the two types of car carry identical loads and earn identically the same revenue per mile, they must move on the same footing, provided they are the same type of car, in weight and length. Therefore, as the load of the one increases over the load of the other, it must follow that its load becomes an increasing burden, and that the revenue per mile derived from its movement ought to increase. Indubitably the car carrying five tons of load ought to pay more per mile than the car carrying two tons of load. Yet, by the most reliable statistics we have to date we know that the express

per car mile for the mail service is only two-thirds of a cent below the rate the railroads claim they get out of express car mile, based on this absurdly low assumption of mileage—a rate that their own figures do not justify. This railroad claim of 23.16 cents a car mile earnings is based on figures of a time when express rates were 16 per cent. too high. They are based on a mileage that is 10 per cent. below their own conclusions as to proportionate train space. And yet Dr. Lorenz fixes a rate only two-thirds of a cent below this 23.16 cent rate.

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car, with its five tons of express was, in 1909, moving at a lower car mile rate than the mail car with its two tons of mail.

And what has the Interstate Commerce Commission said about the rates of the express companies then in force? It has said they were 16 per cent. too high. It must be assumed that at least a part of this 16 per cent. is assignable to the railroads. But let us be reasonable with the poor roads, and assume that only one-fourth of this "unreasonable part" of the then existing express rates was their share. That would drive the "reasonable" car mile rate on express down to a little less than 19.6 cents.

Judged by every fair standard that we have through which it can be gauged on a long term basis rather than through a month's snap judgment, we find the statistics inevitably pointing to a larger car mile earning on mail cars than on express cars—the express cars, with their heavy loads earning less for each mile they travel than the mail cars with their light loads. Then we will have to quit using the weight-of-the-load argument as grounds for an increase in railway mail pay.

There is one other argument for the increase, to wit, that the mail car is heavier and costs more than the express car. I find that more than half the mail car mileage of the United States is made in apartment cars, the mail end in which averages 24 feet. Out of a total of 190,000,000 miles only 86,000,000 miles is made in full cars, and the average length of these is only 58 feet. Furthermore, I find less than a third of the mail cars are steel. That leads me to the conclusion that there is about a stand-off between the heavier load hauled in the express car and the heavier weight of the mail car. But on that there are no reliable statistics.

Dr. M. O. Lorenz, statistician of the Bourne Commission, recommends a rate of 22½ cents a car mile for the transportation of the mails. But why should we fix that rate for mail cars, when the railroads were getting, at most, only 20.4 cents a car mile for moving express cars, at a time when, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission, express rates in general were 16 per cent. too high? Especially is this a pertinent question when it is remembered that the car mile rate with which the

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Lorenz rate is compared is higher than the truth seems to warrant, because it is based on a proportion arrived at when express movement was low and passenger movement high.

The rate fixed by Dr. Lorenz as the car mile rate would increase the pay of the railroads by several million dollars, when the statistics I have quoted indicate that they are getting more per car mile from the Government already than the express companies pay. To show the difference in the rate fixed by him and the rate of 20.4 cents a car mile earned by the express companies let us express it on the basis of the 1909 mail car mileage. At the express car rate of 20.4 cents, the mail pay that year would have amounted to $45,100,000. At the Lorenz rate it would have amounted to $49,700,000. I cannot find any process of reasoning that can justify the Government in paying more for the movement of a light-loaded mail car than the express companies pay for the movement of a heavy-loaded express car, mile for mile. And when the statistics for 1909 indicate that it was paying more, even at a time when express rates were, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission, 16 per cent. too high, then certainly I can see no excuse for raising the mail rates at this time.

But, convinced as I am of the justness of this conclusion, I would like to see one real, genuine comparison made between express car mile revenue and mail car mile revenue. Let the Interstate Commerce Commission make that comparison, covering a year, and then let us fix our mail rate on that basis. These are the only two services that are comparable, since they are the only passenger train transportation sold at wholesale. Furthermore, whatever rate the railroads are willing to accord the express companies ought also be accorded the Government, for the Government, if any one, is entitled to preferential treatment.

If we fix the rate at 22½ cents we fix it at a rate at least 10 per cent. higher than the express companies were paying in 1909, and Congress puts the stamp of its approval thereon. Forever after we shall have to go on and on paying that rate unless we get affirmative legislation to the contrary, or unless the Government, with the burden of proof against it, is able to establish that overwhelming evidence the Interstate Commerce Commission re-

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quires before it will overturn the judgment of Congress as to a rate.

In other words, with very persuasive evidence that the railroads are already getting from 3 to 10 per cent. more per car mile revenue out of the Government than they are getting out of the express companies, we are asked to raise their pay still further, on the Lorenz rate, by several million dollars.

My conclusion of the whole matter is that we ought to let matters remain on their present basis for the time being; meanwhile instructing the Interstate Commerce Commission to ascertain just what the car mile earnings of the express business actually are. Then let us wait for that report, and when we get it, fix the rate it discloses as the per car mile rate for the transportation of the mail. While we are waiting for that action let it be understood that if the investigation discloses a higher rate than is now being paid by the Government Congress will appropriate the difference as back pay, so that the railroads will not be out of pocket any by waiting for this determination.

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THE CRY OF WOMAN

VICTOR STARBUCK

THERE is a cry from the untrodden places,
The inarticulate striving for the Word;
Beneath the graves, above the starry spaces,
Beyond the sails on far horizons blurred,
From city streets, from deserts and oases—
A Voice . . . that shall be heard!

The Cry of Woman—the eternal bearer
Of pain, the watcher at the bolted gate,
Humanity's primeval drudge and darer,
Undaunted pillager of death and fate;
Yea, she, the weak, the strong, the farthest farer
On pathways desolate.

She—denizen of brothel or of palace,
The courtesan that launched the Grecian ships,
The crystal-clear and undefilèd chalice
Of life—the poppied death to hearts and lips,
The soother of dissension and of malice,
The star . . . and the eclipse.

"Behold we come, for Womanhood is waking!
Before us break and fall the rusting bars.
Lo, to the winds new banners are we shaking,
The olive-leaf for ancient wars and scars;
We stand, at last, where fadeless morn is breaking,
Our feet upon the stars.

"Before our eyes undreamed horizons widen;
The shadows vanish and the vapors shift.
We ask not for the trump, the torch, the guidon,
But for the wings that soar, the dreams that lift;
And from the mists where we have long abiden
We claim the perfect gift.

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"Yea, we—the queen in ermine and in scarlet,
The toiler at the spindle and the loom,
The ministrant to emperor and varlet,
The first to stand before the broken tomb,
The wife, the nun, the shop-girl and the harlot—
We rise from out the gloom.

"We cannot fail. Behind us press the others—
The million generations yet to be.
They urge us ever on, O men and brothers,
To bear the torch for all humanity.
And we, who have been and who shall be mothers—
Shall not we, too, be *Free?*"

There is a cry from the forgotten reaches;
The voiceless deep-below-the-deep is stirred.
The hills give tongue, and earth's remotest beaches
Fling echoes of the message long deferred—
A voice that prophesies, exults and teaches—
The Cry . . . and it is heard!

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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE PRESS?

A View from the Inside

I AM not a "journalist." I am not a "star reporter." Once in a while my stories are featured. Oftener they are edited into insignificance by those who know more about journalism than I may ever know. Fully as often they are thrown out for lack of space. As a newswriter I am able to "get by" and draw an average salary. I do not know what the public wants. I am not supposed to know. It is my business to know what the management thinks the public wants and just how far the management is willing to go in that direction.

Much is said about the "wilful suppression of news," the "subsidized press," the "commercialized press," the "capitalistic press," or, as the recent Socialist candidate for mayor always said, the "kept press." Nothing much has been said about me. My opinion is that I am the most vicious element in the newspaper world to-day.

When a man with large commercial interests invests in a newspaper, he may have any one of a large number of reasons. It may be his idea of fun. It may be an outlet for his vanity. He may have "principles" which he wishes to propagate. He may not be thinking of furthering his commercial interests, but it is safe to say that he will not use his newspaper to attack them.

If his paper directly helps those interests, or manages to draw the popular attention away from all attacks upon them, is he therefore insincere? By no means. He believes in his interests. His convictions and his morals lie that way. Just as the slave-owner believed religiously in slavery and the monarch in royalty, so the plutocrat believes in plutocracy. He stands steadfastly by his convictions, and his privileges. There is nothing insincere about him.

But what is the great indictment against the newspaper of to-day? It is insincerity. The modern newspaper rattles with

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it. The insincerity, however, is not at the top. It is ingrained in the very composition.

There are two ways to explain this insincerity. One is to say that the newspaper, run for some owner's individual profit, must depend for its success upon its circulation; its acceptance by the masses or, at least, by a large portion of the reading public. That is only half an explanation. It assumes to tell why the press claims to represent interests which it does not represent: but it leaves the impression that the actual editors and reporters are a lot of conscious liars.

The actual fact is that we are far more degraded than that. We are a lot of unconscious liars. We don't even care about the truth. All we care about is the "story"—the special side of the story which we think our paper wants.

"Don't blame the reporter," you will hear the Socialist cry. "He is a working-man just like the rest of us. He would tell the truth if he could, but his paper won't let him. He knows that he's telling a lie, but it can't be helped."

The actual fact is that we do not know we are lying. If we could only tell lies for a living until we could get an opportunity to tell the truth, it wouldn't be so bad. But nature's laws do not permit that. When we begin to "root" for something other than our own convictions, our convictions take flight.

It is all right to say: "Don't blame the prostitute." But it is all wrong to think that she will become pure just as soon as she gets an economic chance. A prostitute forced into the life of shame is still a prostitute. She may be blameless in the sight of God, but she is just as vile as if she were personally guilty. Prostitutes and reporters are damned by the very nature of their calling. We have sold our souls for so long that we can't think of any other use to put them to.

I killed my conscience during my first year of newspaper work. It didn't die without a struggle, for I was 28 years old. Sometimes I think it is coming back to life, but I find in the end that it is not.

Why am I writing this article if my conscience is dead? Simplest question in the world. My dominant reason for writing it is the hope of getting some money. My reason for being so

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frank is the same. I am banking on the very frankness catching the editor's attention. If I had a straight tip that I could make more money by writing the exact opposite, I would do it readily. Only last week I did write such an article, full of "inspiration" for young men and women who are starting out in life. New York magazines have paid me well for those inspiring articles. I didn't believe a word they contained.

And you can't believe a word of this. I do not ask you to. But just weigh what I have to say and see if it does not offer an explanation. If it does, call me all the names you like. And then do some thinking.

We all have to live. At least, we all think that living is quite essential. Political economists are forever pointing out that we must sell our "labor power," either of brawn or brain, and that we are compelled to sell it in the "labor market." So the locomotive engineer sells his labor to the railroad company and the reporter sells his labor to the newspaper. The bell-boy sells his labor to the hotel and the minister sells his labor to the church. Awfully simple—yes? Let us see.

There is a difference between the labor of the engineer and the labor of the reporter, a difference which I have never known the economists to analyze. It is not that one is physical and the other mental. The engineer uses his brain full as much as the reporter, possibly a great deal more.

I was once a locomotive fireman and I failed in my examination for promotion. I had little difficulty in "making good" as a newspaper man. I haven't been very successful, to be sure, but I have made somewhat better wages than I could have drawn as an engineer. In other words, I didn't have brains enough to be a railroader, so I became a moulder of public opinion.

Here is the difference in the two callings which I think the economists have overlooked. As an engineer I could sell my brains and not sell myself. I could conscientiously drive an engine where the company wanted it to go without changing my own views in the least. I might have been morally ruined in some other ways. The life might have made me a grouch. I might have contracted the habit of beating my wife and kicking the cat and cursing everybody after the fashion of several engi-

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neers I know. But it seems to me that I could have kept the soul of a working-man; at least, as long as I was drawing a working-man's emoluments.

There are certain trades or professions, or whatever you wish to call them, in which this is impossible. A preacher must preach his own convictions or lose them. An artist cannot paint ugly pictures intentionally and still retain his sense of art. A lawyer cannot sell his ability to win cases and retain a sense of justice. A professional writer must likewise write his own convictions or become a prostitute.

There are preachers and editors and lawyers and artists whose ability is such that they do not have to yield an inch. But that is not my case and it is not the case of the average writer. Our ability is such that we can make a better living by writing than we can by manual labor. But we should starve if we limited our output to what we individually believe.

That is the sore spot in the American press. That is why it rattles with insincerity. It is not the big grafter who is corrupting the press. It is the little grafter, like myself, who presents a far more serious problem.

Suppose for a minute that we had no big grafter. Suppose a hundred of us are shipwrecked on an island and we institute a coöperative commonwealth. Suppose the question arises as to whether we shall dig a well. The answer will certainly depend upon whether or not we need the well. If we decide that we have water enough without it, we will not do any digging. We enjoy exercise but we don't dig wells for fun. That is work.

Now suppose the question arises as to whether we shall talk or draw pictures or discuss philosophy. The answer will not depend at all on our socially conscious need. We want to do those things and we will proceed to do them. They are not work. The talker, the writer, the artist and the preacher are not working-men.

Now suppose we do recognize the social need of talk and we make a social bargain with the best talker in the crowd. He will do the talking for all of us and we will do the digging. What will be the result? If he has a natural aptitude for talk, he is bound to cultivate it in an unnatural way. He says all that

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he has to say and then he says some more. When he has run out of everything worth while, he'll begin to look for sensations. He's talking for money now and everything goes. There's no end to the game when it's once started. And it isn't necessary to be subsidized by any plutocrat either. Probably, if the plutocrat were removed, no such fool bargain would be made. But the bargain has been made and we, the talking-men, are not struggling to uphold the plutocracy. We are doing that without trying. What we are trying to do is to maintain our own little parasitical position. Add plutocracy to this and we have the insincere rattle which the press is making.

We can't write the news and so we do the next best thing. The bizarre, the sensational, the three-legged, two-headed, freak-of-nature stuff is necessarily featured. The public mind is "educated down" as far as possible. There is no influence in the office to educate it any other way. We don't know what the people want. We know they won't get it from us, if the boss doesn't want them to have it: and we do just what any fool father does when the baby is crying with the colic. We give the public something to play with—something with bright colors and topsy-turvy ideas—anything to occupy its mind for a second or two. We give it comic supplements, and World's Series play by play, and divorce sensations and endless twaddle about the human aura and the turkey trot and the slit skirt.

True, the public does not know what it wants. When it does discover, I am quite sure it will have no further use for us. For we have paid for all this by the sacrifice of everything which an enlightened public could possibly use.

But how about the actual gathering of news? That is the thing to which I particularly refer. The modern reporter has no schooling in the art. His education is all away from that. If a policeman clubs a working-man, it is not "news" to-day. The police reporter must never notice a little thing like that. But let the working-man club the policeman and it's good for a two-column head. It is part of the police reporter's business to stand in with the police. He must be a good fellow—to the policeman, not the working-man. Unless it happens that the paper has a special object in attacking the police force, there is

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no wilful suppression of news in regard to police outrages. The suppression is something worse than wilful. It is habitual. The police reporter soon "learns" that the police "have to use these methods." So brutalities unmentionable are perpetrated right before his eyes. If it were only that the reporter did not dare to speak—if he were simply afraid of the police or afraid of losing his job—it would not be so bad. Then we could hope that his wrath would be stored up for some propitious occasion and there would be nothing more than a little delay at stake. But there is no wrath. After the first rude shocks, the cheap parasite finds it possible to be on friendly terms with the brute who does the clubbing.

A chauffeur in a large city up-state "borrowed" his employer's automobile and ran it into a ditch. Thinking he was unobserved, he left the wreck where it was, sneaked back to the garage, tore off the lock and then ran to his own home as fast as possible. He was tried for grand larceny, although everyone knew that he did not intend to steal the automobile. At the trial he insisted that he had not been away from the house. His wife, in order to save her husband from a prison term, lied loyally in his behalf. He was convicted and sentenced to five years in State's prison, the court saying that he would have been let off lightly if he had not stubbornly insisted on a trial.

The wife was indicted for perjury. Remembering the fate of her husband, she did not insist on a trial and pleaded guilty. The court told *her* that that was no reason for clemency and sentenced her to four years at hard labor in State's prison. The miserable wreck of a woman shrieked and fell upon the stone floor of the court room. Deputy sheriffs carried her away and the dignity of the law was sustained.

I was the court reporter on one of the afternoon papers. I turned in an infamously mild account of a "woman fainting in court." I could have turned in a story that would have turned the city upside down. It would not have been printed, of course, but that is beside the question. I could have quit my job or gone to jail or done something else to retain my self-respect. Instead I turned in the story that my paper wanted, tried to apologize to myself for a while and then got so I didn't care.

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The main difference between me and the other "boys" is that of years. They entered the game earlier in life—before their convictions had had a chance to sprout. They are less conscious than I of the real nature of the vocation. They have been taught that such practices are respectable and, not having anything in their experience to compare them with, they have taken the theory for truth. They have been brought up in the brothel. I entered it after some years of honest labor. That is why I can philosophize about it while the majority of them can't.

The plutocrat owner of a newspaper has honest convictions. He is convinced that he should be a plutocrat. When he writes or speaks, he may dissemble to some extent and pretend to be a friend of the common people. But he is fundamentally true and never attacks plutocracy in any vulnerable place. But he has neither the time nor the brains to fill his paper with sensations that will draw the minds of the people away from the operations by which he holds his place. He hires me and a hundred other talking-men to do all that. We are not working-men. Our dirty little profession is to fool the workers, to distract them, to tickle them and keep them from understanding what is going on.

Just a suggestion about a remedy. The socialists have hit upon a half-truth when they propose to take the means of production of wealth into the public's hands. The trouble with the socialists is that they are so everlastingly timid in their demands. To hear them talk you would think they still intended to pay authors and editors and artists and preachers and entertainers. If that is the result, the whole bunch of us will proceed to get upon the backs of the workers and ride as comfortably as before. In the name of common sense, put everybody to work: not merely the plutocrat, but the professional drone as well. It will do us all good and it will give everybody time to get in on the entertainment. Then we can have a free press and a free pulpit and a free stage. And those who function in them will not be removed from the common people by any professional wall—not if they have to help dig the well or lay the pavement before they begin to write their editorials and their sermons.

And if they don't feel like writing editorials or sermons then, who on earth will be the loser?

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BROTHERS OF NO KIN

CONRAD RICHTER

EBENEZER STRAINT, deacon, was not a man like you or I. In either your town or in mine, a hard-headed, shallow-minded religious crank he would have been, a church fool and stiff pedestrian in the straight and narrow path. Youth would have laughed and cynic would have sneered. There would have been many to point the man as a shaft example of miserhood and base hypocrisy. Any urban congregation would have been numerically better off without his name upon its roll. Even a doubtful Christian as you or I would have called him an obstinate, bigoted, old illiberal, and shaken our heads sadly over his good in this world of yours and mine.

But chance was kind to Straint and bore him among his own sort, down in a hemmed-in valley of Pennsylvania, south-west, among spurs of the Alleghenies, upon the hard clay soil that yields alone such kind of being as he.

Then in Bedford County was another man, a man perhaps like you or I, a man whom fate, in a fit of perversity, must have transplanted from the deck of some old-time African-coast trader. Wild, adventurous, thoroughly exotic, he utterly failed to be at any time tamed by the triad of school, stern church and stony, hilly farm.

To you and me, it doesn't matter why; but he and Ebenezer were friends. There are friends of business, friends of pleasure, friends of fellowship and friends who are friends only because they are. Such latter were Ebenezer and Ritter—that was his name—Jeremiah Ritter. But even the stiff-backed fathers of Bedford coves learned to forget and call him Jerry.

All this happened, and at twenty-three Jerry Ritter had left the hills of Southern Pennsylvania behind him.

There is a good book which somewhere declares that a genuine friend sticketh closer than a brother. Anyhow Ritter remembered and it didn't matter to him that Ebenezer was a hard-necked, puritanical Christian, even more, an obsolete, hell-believing, country deacon.

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During thirty-five long years the post office at Heisler Cove brought often small packages and letters with queer foreign stamps. Once in twelve months is often during thirty-five years. Sometimes the stamps bore heads of queens, sometimes tigers, or waterfalls, sometimes the faces of curious-looking men. Anyhow, there were regular scrawls of a year's wanderings and adventures, much of pleasures, hints of toils and hardships, all crowded into the unprinted back of some floating poster or dissected envelope. Transposed into cool, wet type, they would have made literature. But Ebenezer read the letters over and put them away in a seasoned old chest with a lock like a wine room door's. There was no trunk in Ebenezer Straint's possession. Never had he felt the need of one. Then, too, Bedford County was settled early and in several generations a few heirlooms can be far divided.

Ebenezer never at any time re-read the letters. He remembered. Occasionally, for the sake of modest curiosity, he referred to the school geography of his youngest offspring. Neither did Ebenezer look twice at pictures of strange scenes and peoples that came in sporadic packages. They were reserved for future patrimony among his children.

There had not been a letter now for several years. Ebenezer thought often about it as he turned a moist furrow or steadily cradled yellow wheat. Never had he even mentioned receipt of news from the vanished Ritter to neighbors or parents of the absent boy. The night before Jerry Ritter disappeared, he had left behind him an empty whisky jug gotten God knows where, and two battered sons of the cove's church trustees. And four days later there was sticky Bedford clay between one of the youths and daylight.

Regularly year after year, Ebenezer slunk up to the cemetery evenings before Ascension day. The first letter had asked that. And farmers in Heisler Cove often watched a ghostly, yellow spark that glimmered from the church hill a night or two in May. When the moon came full, there was no light: which convinced all the neighborhood that spirits fear the moon. But it was not logically explained why the grave of a murdered young man

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should be always trimmed of grass and flower-bedded long before the remainder of the family lot was done.

Things went on until Ebenezer Straint grew old, and was ready for his grave and what reward lay beyond. Then it was that one night in February a tall, gaunt figure, bent with the clutch of a disease that kills, crawled into Heisler's Cove and lay down outside the big Straint barn. Ebenezer found him there in the morning, and stopped short with two dull-tinned milk buckets on his arm. Nomads were rare in Bedford county.

"Get up, stranger, or you'll freeze," said Ebenezer, shaking the figure with a worn canvas-gloved hand.

The man stirred, then got stiffly upon his feet. For a minute he stood staring full at the stern old farmer.

"You don't know me, Eb?" he muttered deliberately, at length.

Eb! No one had called him so for forty years. Why, he was a deacon and everywhere had respect. To Straint the stranger's face seemed horrible,—sallow, hollow and worse. Besides, he was old, and when age is unkempt, dirty and ill, very ill, it is not pleasing to look at.

The man laughed, mirthless, shortly. Ebenezer still stared. But only for a moment. He knew that upward tilt of the head the second it happened.

"Come into the house, Jerry," he said; you and I might have thought harshly. But Ritter would have sworn it was soft and low.

The good family of Ebenezer Straint stood back in astonishment as, without a word, the old father entered and helped the disreputable-looking stranger to a chair between the oil-clothed breakfast table and the wood-burning kitchen stove. Silently Jerry Ritter was given three or four cups of hot, uncreamed coffee. Silently Jerry Ritter drank them. Then the two went upstairs. And the family below heard heavy footsteps on the heavy white-oak flooring of the front spare room, then creakings of unused ropes. In the parlor underneath, the worthy Mrs. Straint looked dazed. No one had slept in her spare room bed for years.

But there was never remonstrance, question or word, when

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the father alone returned downstairs, and left the back door for milk pails and the barn. Ebenezer ruled his own house, and never had tongue or whip been called in.

That was the immediate all the family of Ebenezer knew. It watched the old Heisler Cove doctor go up the winding stairs and putter down again with wonder in his face and white, shaking head. It saw Ebenezer three times a day carry upstairs victuals and deep, wide cups of long boiled coffee. The food nearly always came down untouched, but the coffee never. Ebenezer also performed various nurse's duties at which his family marvelled. Finally it was April.

One Sunday morning, Ebenezer found his patient cowering against the wall.

"Nice and sunny out to-day, Jerry," began Ebenezer with misgivings, despite him.

There was no answer from the bed.

"Jerry!" said the deacon sharply.

Then the long frame stirred under Ebenezer's washed-out flannel night-shirt, and turned its face to the unpapered wall.

"I'm going to die before night, Eb," the voice came tremblingly. "To-day's the last sunshine, and Eb, I'm not ready for the going."

The deacon was silent.

"Is it too much to ask you to get a new doctor, Eb?" the voice, still to the wall, continued. "Ten or twenty years ago I'd have turned my pockets inside out for you without thinking once. But now I don't have it, Eb. I'm a wreck. And I'm old and afraid." The skin-clothed skeleton shook convulsively in bed.

Ebenezer sat down on the heavy linen coverlet quietly.

"It isn't a doctor you need, Jerry," he said gently. "This morning we'll go to church."

"Church!" The decrepit man turned face about.

"The old stone church, Jerry. You haven't been there for many a day. The house of your God will do you good."

Slowly, strainedly, the man on the bed drew closer to the wall. Then convulsively he began to curse himself in a long abusive strain of raped English and foreign blasphemy.

"Don't do that, Jerry, please," pleaded the deacon simply.

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"I never heard anything like that before. Besides, thou knowest thou shalt not take His name in vain."

The anathema stopped, but the voice went on.

"You don't know, Eb. Little a church can help me. You found Billy Houser, when I went. That wasn't all, Eb. On the *Belle Marie* the second engineer and I never could hit it together. Coming into Rio, in the night, I found him taking air. And the grog in me pushed him off the stern, into the Niagara Falls behind the propeller. And a week after in the harbor, the old man found the back of a head floating on the water. And it was him, with his face and his nostrils full of mud. They never guessed it was me. But if there's a Somebody watching, IT saw me."

"Thou shalt not kill," said the deacon steadily.

"I deserted my mother and father, Eb, and me the only son they had."

"Honor thy parents," came sternly from Ebenezer.

"In London, in Paris, in Cape Town, in Sydney, in Melbourne, in Halifax, in a thousand places I've worked countrymen of mine for money when I had money. It's the dirtiest trick of them all."

"Thou shalt not lie," repeated the deacon.

"I've gone through the pockets of dead men that fought for their country, which I never did. And I've done it to men that walked."

"Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet, thou shalt not bow down to graven images."

The derelict was silent. Then, slowly: "And thou shalt not commit adultery," he said.

White and gaunt, in a green-black suit of Ebenezer's, Jerry Ritter managed up into the indestructible Straint spring wagon. And later parishioners stared as their venerable deacon assisted the helpless, aged stranger up the aisle to the Straint front pine pew.

There was no opening anthem, only an old familiar hymn, sung for the most part untunefully. And all the while the worshippers watched the white-haired deacon up in front support his companion to stand. Jerry Ritter made no protest. Well he

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knew that with Ebenezer no custom of church, not even for a dying man, could be bowed.

There was Bible reading, another hymn and a prayer, and the wayward son of Heisler Cove nearly died during the physical agonies on his knees. To regain the bench, he had to let Ebenezer lift him.

The strings of life were now so loosely let that Ritter, who had seen many a fellow being flicker out before, knew well his proximity to the Stone of the Stepping Off. The long-unshaven preacher had just, for the third time, repeated his text, when a high, awful voice, freighted with fright and despair, hushed the Biblical words.

"Eb! It's getting dark! I'm dying! I'm going, Eb! And I'm going to Hell! Help me, Eb! Where are you? Eb, where are you!" In his sudden blindness the old derelict was reaching about with bony hands.

"Here, humble thyself, Jerry," the startled congregation heard its deacon say. "Get down and pray—pray for thyself—no matter how weak. He will give thee strength."

"Pray, Eb! Here! I couldn't anyhow, Eb. I don't know——"

"Thou dost not pray to the people here," rebuked Ebenezer. "Humble thyself and pray."

Falling stiffly upon his knees, Jeremiah Ritter forthwith prayed a prayer, a sequenced, incoherent, agonized prayer, of astounding confession and strange phrases, such as never in the old stone church of Heisler Cove had been heard. He cried as he prayed, but the thing that sapped the congregation was the terrible note of despair in it all. Suddenly the pleadings to an unseen Maker broke off abruptly with an awful cry of agony that quavered down the vertebræ of strong-backed Bedford worshippers.

"Eb, it's no use! I can't find anyone. The door is shut between us and it's blacker than night! Oh, Eb, pray for me! Tell everybody to pray for me!" He ended in silence that chilled warm country blood.

Deacon Straint rose to his feet, unshrinkingly.

"Brethren, sisters," earnestly he began. "Let us pray."

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Then he bent his own bony knees in a deep-toned beseechment of cant form and ecclesiastical phrase. Others rapidly took up the cause and soon the church was a mingling of fervid supplication that would have sounded bedlam to you or me.

After a half hour the heavy emotionless voice of Deacon Straint alone continued. Finally it, too, had stopped.

When Ebenezer raised his eyes, he found his old friend crouched in the corner of the pew.

"It's no use, Eb, no use," he whispered hoarsely. "I'm going to Hell—no use." There was little lurid terror now in the cry, just dumb, hopeless despair. Desperate but helpless, Ebenezer watched the twitching face.

"Oh, Eb," in new abandonment the other suddenly called, "you're all slipping off and I can't hold you back. Oh, Eb, do something quick! Only a couple of seconds and it'll be too late! Eb! You never can be happy in Heaven and see me in eternal torment down below! Do something quick, Eb, quick!" There was a hopeless appeal in the agonized tones that made even the strongest young farmer shudder. Then the congregation saw its deacon fall again upon his knees, and strain over the rough altar railing. The minister with the worshippers heard every word.

"Lord Father, it is I, thy servant, Ebenezer"—surely you and I should have pronounced him Bedford Pharisee. "Thou knowest I have been a good and faithful servant, Father, and have kept Thy commandments all my life. Laid up for me is a Golden Crown in Heaven. But Lord, I come before Thee to pray that my reward be taken from me and given this dying brother of mine, this son of Thine. Give Thou to him what is mine, O Lord, my portion, my crown and passage to Heaven, And I take the sins of Jeremiah Ritter on my own head. For, O Lord, Thou art Justice, and nothing can be done by Thee but what is righteous and just. Amen."

The speaker finished and there was an oppressive hush. Then the church saw Jeremiah Ritter fight to gain his feet. He stared up blindly.

"No, Eb! No!" chokingly, he called. "I won't take it. It's too much. No!" For a moment his hard, rasped breathing

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penetrated to the loft. Then oddly it softened. And a strange voice came out of the silence, a voice deeply gentle and low.

"Eb! it has come! The door is open and I feel Him when I reach. The Lord be praised, for His mercy endureth forever!" The minister and Ebenezer both knew the voice, for they saw a peace that passeth the understanding of you and me come over the dying man's face.

They buried Jerry Ritter in the graveyard behind the church. And everyone went about his business. Quibbling over the last half dollar, the deacon sold his farm. To an astonished Methodist church board went every cent and a few hundred Bedford bank savings. The family of Straint moved to the farm of a married son, but not the father. Alone, pockets empty, with nothing but the clothes on his back, the shoes on his feet and the staff in his hand, the old man struck westward over the mountains. No one tried to restrain him. That was something without the ken of people that knew Ebenezer Straint. Besides, he was going to give the rest of his now twilighted life to lighten in some measure the unpardonable sins on his head. Atonement was hopeless. Both man and people were sure of that.

With the words, "a murderer shall never enter the Kingdom of God," seared deep into his forehead, Ebenezer Straint went up the long mountain side. It was a steep and sandy Allegheny road, a stony, endless road, that has never been travelled by you or me.

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THE WOODEN DOLL

WILLIAM A. SULTZER

SHE was only a little girl, about four years old; but never had there been such activity in one small body. Morning, noon, and night she relentlessly followed her older brothers and sisters, doing whatever they did, regardless of their wishes in the matter. It was rather pathetic, the first few days of school, to see her wandering around the yard, hunting for something to occupy her attention. All of her dolls, some twenty in number, had been washed and dressed. Still she did not seem satisfied, but wandered disconsolate about the house.

One day, as she sat musing upon the rear porch, she spied a wooden plank some three feet in length, lying by the walk. For some moments she looked at it without moving; then slowly arose and walked a few steps, considering where the family might be at that moment. After listening and hearing no sound, she picked up the plank and retired to the side of the house. Here she laid her burden down and returned to the house. After searching some time in the laundry basket, she found one of her own dresses. Then she hunted through her father's desk until she found one of his favorite soft pencils. With these things she returned to the side of the house.

Picking up the plank she ran down the road and disappeared under a fence, to reappear shortly afterwards some dozens of feet from public gaze. Looking around to see if anyone was coming, and having satisfied herself on this point, she seated herself under a tree. With much labored breathing she fashioned upon the plank features resembling a human face. These she viewed with critical satisfaction, and then proceeded to clothe her newly acquired child. This was more difficult than appeared at first, as the dress had to be draped in such a manner that both sleeves fell in a way to make arms.

At last everything was finished, and with her treasure securely held in her arms she returned home.

For some days her mother wondered what made her so contented. One day she came upon the child rocking her plank to

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sleep. Being a wise mother, she made no remarks about the doll, but accepted it as a matter of course.

Many and varied were the adventures of the pair. Finding that the mother was not critical, the little girl took her into her games. Often while her mother was busy with some sewing, she would seat herself on the extreme edge of a chair and gravely discuss children and the raising of them. Her baby had every ailment known, and some that were unknown. Five times had she been rescued from Indians and fire by her fond mother.

Then the Thanksgiving holidays came, bringing the older children. The morning after their arrival the baby was gone, and no amount of anxious searching brought her to her distracted mother. At last the matter was explained to the brothers. The truth came out. One of them had used the doll to finish the rigging of a most wonderful ship.

As this information was borne in upon the youthful mother, her rage and grief knew no bounds. In vain was she promised "a million dolls"; nothing would appease her. At last, late in the night, her sobs ceased. The brother, anxious to make atonement, stole into the room to ask forgiveness. A moist kiss was his reward, and as the heavy lids began to droop, he heard her murmur drowsily:

"Anyhow, she was a fine baby, and I made her all by myself."

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THE SECRET GUARDIAN

CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

I CANNOT wreck the wanton wants that grow
Out of my sight of this world's flame and flow;
I dream the joy of lusts I dare not meet,
I seek the wish of faces in the street;
Faces that glance and look beyond and go.

The world's light ways obsess me and deride
My weakness; I am fearful; I have tried
To scoff at my own pity, my own fear,
To crush a voice that lingers in my ear,
To lose a presence walking by my side.

I have fared forward wantonly arrayed
And some sad sudden thing has come and laid
Its fingers dripping with an iron rain
Over my heart and suddenly, in pain,
I turn about, I fail, I am afraid.

I am struck down half blinded by a hand
As though God's anger were a thing half planned
To seek me out and censure me alone
Of all this world for wants I have not known
In peace from this tremendous reprimand.

My years have fallen on the burial
Of heedless, effortless ways; I cannot tell
Whether my frail demolished energy
Shrinks from the whips of lust or whether He
Has shown His way; His wish half audible.

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ABOUT "TIGER"

GERTRUDE TRAUBEL

SO far I have heard two people say that Witter Bynner's *Tiger* was unnecessary. Men, of course,—and young, equally of course. When a man gets older he is likely to realize that Mr. Bynner's little tragedy is just a very necessary bringing home of the question, "Well, gentlemen, *whose* daughter?"

When a man is young he is probably just playing with life. He is the eternal boy having a good time. Later he will change and look at things from a different angle.

"*Whose* daughter?"

The young man may shrug his shoulders, he has no daughter. To the older man Mr. Bynner says, "*Your* daughter, sir. And how do you like it?"

It is very easy to say wearily, "Oh well, it is a thing that has been from time immemorial and ever will be. It is one of the necessities of our semi-civilization, so what's the use of bothering about it?"

"*Your* daughter, sir!"

Listen to him. He is talking to you too, you boys. You will be fathers some day. Let your mind travel a little into the future. First you see a small bundle of pink and white—flesh of your flesh and of the woman you love. A new life. New hopes, new charms unfold with the growth of this tiny being. Taller, sweeter, more charming—innocence and happy carelessness laugh up at you from her young eyes. Is *she* to be a recruit?

"*Your* daughter, sir!"

Ah yes, it does mean you! You cannot hide yourself behind your own stupidity, or your "don't care" philosophy. It does not reach high enough. The problem leaps it at a bound and leers at you from the top of your little wall. You are no exception, you are one of the many. We are all in the maëlstrom together. You are asked a question. Is the answer yes or no? There is no way out—evasion is impossible. You can only sit face to face with your own soul.

"*Whose* daughter?"

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THE FOURTH DIMENSION *

FREDERICK A. RUDD

A CUBE will readily present to the eye, three dimensions; length, height and breadth. Four diagonal lines imagined from the corners of the cube through its centre will each be at right angles to the other three; hence we have four dimensions. We should find it difficult to construct anything along the lines of these four dimensions for the simple reason that the work would have to begin at the point where the lines intersect and progress outward though within the four lines. We might call these four lines expansion boundaries. For if you would cause a cube to expand and maintain its symmetry or proportions, it would expand along these four lines. Any solid can therefore be considered a cross section of its greater self. The foregoing is the only practical demonstration that can be given of four dimensions.

We can be conscious of the four dimensions in all objects, by taking an imaginative view from the central point. Our attempts to conceive of the universe are based on this fourth dimensional idea. Thus we are enabled to acquire a sense of proportion, which permits our imaginative power to stretch toward infinity; taking into the mind's eye all the worlds and suns surrounding us. This central point of intersection is the astronomer's viewpoint.

* See *Time, Past Master of Illusion,* in THE FORUM for last November.

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VIGOR OR DECADENCE?

CARL S. DOWNES

ONE who is courting popularity, in this self-confident age, had better not call anything decadent—not even Cubism. Much less ought he to point to symptoms of degeneracy in the popular literature of the day, the stories and poems of our magazines. Yet they exist; and when we are as old as the Elizabethans, our "conceits" and strainings for effect will be as clear to the eyes of the critical reader as the faults of Shakespeare.

If anyone ever longed to "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,"—and reason too,—it is the modern short story writer. If he says anything as anyone else has said it, he feels doomed. His characters, therefore, do not *speak*,—they *rasp, shrill, pipe, rumble, bark,* and *boom* at each other. A fat gentleman does not *walk*,—he *oozes* through a door. An office boy does not appear chewing gum; but there appears "a piece of chewing gum entirely surrounded by office boy." Our American sense of humor even seduces us into quoting the Bible in up-to-date slang; witness the following: "What is it that Solomon says? . . . Once more we lean and pore over the pregnant thought that pride goeth before the rollers are slipped under, and a haughty spirit before the swift kick."

The same tendency frequently reduces character-sketching to pure caricature. Men are spoken of as grasshoppers, bulldogs, or whatever other animal or plant they may resemble in the frenzied imagination of the writer. In a certain very "curt, compelling, and vital" type of story, one prominent feature is fastened on, and does duty for the whole creature, though it may be nothing more than a wart on the nose, a gold tooth, or a large Adam's apple. It is not the man who advances toward you, but the Adam's apple.

If we turn to our poets, we can find without much difficulty the same symptoms. Hills "heave a purple shoulder"; the night is "lampless of stars"; the brooklet goes "stumbling the stone

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with one foot fluttering on." One thing must certainly be conceded,—these phrases *are* original!

Beyond this violence of language, some of our poets can be accused of degeneracy in their subject matter,—I mean these singers of fierce, physical, brutal passions. It is only the over-civilized, so our best thinkers tell us, who have this decadent tendency to return to the primitive. They are not healthily modern, but have sickened of modernity. They turn to the unexhausted vitality of the past for refreshment. We have watched them progress, (backward, like Hamlet's crab), from savages, to animals, to plants; even poor mother earth is credited with raging passions,—

"Weed ardors, and the mighty lusts of bogs."

Let me *live,* is the cry of these poets; give me rapture, ecstasy; or, if that is impossible, then wild longing, or even terrible grief, —anything but apathy! If our age is so "red-blooded" and "vital," why this fear of apathy?

Our best poets and story tellers, however, do not show these symptoms, and for them no one has more respect than I. Let us, then, discriminate; let us have more criticism. The faults to be pointed out are of a seductive nature; they often arise from an excess of cleverness. But though entertaining in themselves, when considered as verbal "stunts," they ruin any sustained effect, whether serious or humorous.

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THE RIDDLE OF THE GROTESQUE

MAY ELLIS NICHOLS

"I HAVE an addition to your collection of Grotesques," said a woman to a friend who was collecting pictures of those strange architectural ornaments. As she spoke she held out a picture of the Good Shepherd with a lamb in his arms —a copy of one of the crude frescoes of the Catacombs.

The Collector took the picture, studied it a moment, and then with some hesitation said: "It was very good of you to remember my fad, and I can assure you I appreciate your kindness; but really, you know, this is not the picture of a Grotesque at all."

"Not a Grotesque!" The other's tone told her surprise. "Why not? It is crude, and ugly, and not like anything that ever existed. It seems very grotesque to me."

"Yes, it is crude and ugly," agreed the Collector, "and very interesting, too; but the painter did not intend to make it crude and ugly. He made it as lifelike as he could. It is no more a true Grotesque than is a child's first picture of a horse."

"Do you mean," persisted the friend, "that whether a thing is grotesque or not is a matter of motive?"

"Not whether it is grotesque, but whether it is *a Grotesque,*" replied the Collector.

The friend looked still more puzzled. "Tell me, please," she begged, "just what is *a* Grotesque."

The Collector laughed, then took a long breath. "To ask that question is much easier than to answer it," she said. "The Grotesque is the riddle of the Gothic builders, and like all other riddles is the more fascinating because it is hard to solve. But the critics say that there is no truer criterion of the vitality of any given art-period than the power of the master spirits of that time in Grotesque, so it is worth puzzling over.

"Of course it is easy to describe certain Grotesques. Everyone who has seen the great French and English cathedrals is more or less familiar with them. They are strange misshapen creatures sometimes with human members, but more often a re-

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pulsive composite of beast, bird, and fish; for the gruesome effect is usually obtained by the unholy union of incongruous parts. Those of Notre Dame de Paris are the very best examples. They lean over every parapet, staring, leering at the passer-by. They are the perfect Grotesque because their sinister charm rests in their very simplicity. There are no superfluous coils or contortions: just simple, strong, satisfying ugliness. There is a tradition that one of them is looking straight at the spot where once was buried treasure. Some years ago an employee of the cathedral became suddenly rich, and gossip said that he had taken the hint of the gargoyle.

"The average tourist looks upon the Grotesque as a huge joke in stone. He has been stunned by lofty towers and ceilings, he has been surfeited by Old Masters, and when he comes upon one of these grim, grinning gentlemen in stone he hails him with joy and relief. But the more thoughtful person looks the second time and asks: 'Why were these things made?' The early builders were before everything else reverent. They built these churches to the honor of the most high God. Why then in His very sanctuary, besides representations of apostles, saints, and angels, did they carve these repulsive monsters?'

"There have been many answers to this question, but the majority of them have been mere random guesses. 'They made Grotesques just to see what they could do,' says one writer, who should blush before so superficial a statement. 'They were used simply to give variety,' writes another. 'They are expressions of grim humor,' suggests a third. A common understanding is that the Gothic builders were not content to present only one side of life, and as the lofty arch and exquisite carvings of fruit and flowers and angels portrayed the pure, and the good and the true, so these revolting grotesque figures stood for the evil of life, each typifying some deadly sin.

"The source of the builder's creations is not so difficult to determine as their meaning. Revelation was a rich mine of suggestion. 'And I stood upon the sands of the sea and saw a beast rise out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns . . . and the beast that I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion.

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And I beheld another beast, coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spoke as a dragon.' Are not these builders' specifications for the Grotesque?

"Thus, after they had exhausted the earth and the waters, the Gothic builders began on the heavens above. Psychologists tell us that the imagination never creates—it only arranges, and rearranges. It uses the material gained through the senses, and by new combinations makes the product seem like a new creation. The Gothic sculptor took the ear of a donkey, the claw of an eagle, the face of an ape, placed them on the misshapen trunk of a man, and, lo, the Grotesque! The realistic imitation of the special part—the claw, the feather, or the wing—is as true to nature as the bit of mirror-reflected landscape in one of Holland's Little Masters.

"But, if the reverent intent saves the crude pictures of the catacombs from being Grotesques, deliberate playfulness serves the same purpose in some of the Gothic cathedrals. Take, for example, the series of capitals in Wells Cathedral, representing in true picture play fashion the attempt of a boy to steal some apples. These carvings tell the whole story,—how the boy creeps up to the basket, seizes an apple, is pursued, caught, and properly chastised. What an object lesson to generations of church-going children!

"One critic calls these humorous pictures in stone, 'Semi-Grotesques,' but they are in no true sense Grotesques at all. They are simple caricatures of real life. The Gothic builder lived in his cathedral, and he represented whatever he saw about him. So there are delicate, realistic carvings of shoemakers with their lasts, gardeners with their spades, musicians with all sorts of musical instruments, women with their distaffs, as well as birds with their prey, and every variety of leaf and flower.

"It was only a step further to tell a continued story in carvings. One can imagine the builder, using both his eyes and his imagination to find material for the variety that the Gothic builder so loved, working out his story in stone with the delight which a Scott or a Dickens found in weaving the plots of his novels. The Italian painters did not thus develop originality: they were content to paint scenes from the life of Christ or of

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the saints in the conventional manner. The Gothic sculptors used these themes, too, but not content with these alone, they went to the every-day life about them for their subjects. One of the best places to study their versatility is in the marvellous wood carvings of Berne and Rheims.

"The early Egyptians and Assyrians used animals in their buildings, but they were grave, dignified, symmetrical beasts. No one would think of calling the Sphinx a Grotesque. But, if neither the unintentionally crude of the early Christians, the intentionally funny of Wells Cathedral, or the dignified animals of the Egyptians are true Grotesques, in what does the true Grotesque consist? According to Mr. Ruskin, whose chapter on the Grotesque in *The Stones of Venice* is probably the most careful study ever made of the subject, the Grotesque is always composed of two elements—the ludicrous and the fearful, and as either of these elements prevails, it becomes sportive or terrible grotesque. Of these the 'terrible Grotesque' is the more noble, but there is jest—'perpetual, careless, and not infrequently obscene'—in the most noble work of the Gothic period. The Grotesque is an outcome of the northern mind, and harks back to the Norse myths and folklore. It is close kin to Ibsen's trolls and the great Bourg himself.

"The gargoyle—the use of one of these strange figures for a water spout—is the most common form of the Grotesque. Readers of Thomas Hardy's *Far From the Madding Crowd* will remember the fine description of the one on Weatherbury Church. 'The gargoyles were of the boldest cut that hand could shape, and of the most original design that human brain could conceive. A beholder was convinced that nothing on earth could be more hideous than those he saw on the south side till he went round to the north. One of the two on the latter face was too human to be called a dragon, too impish to be like a man, too animal to be like a fiend, and not enough like a bird to be called a griffin. This horrible stone entity was fashioned as if covered with a wrinkled hide; it had short, erect ears, eyes starting from their sockets, and its fingers and hands were seizing the corners of its mouth, which they thus seemed to pull open to give free passage to the water it vomited. The lower row of teeth were quite

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washed away, though the upper still remained. Here and thus, jutting a couple of feet from the wall against which its feet rested as a support, the creature had for four hundred years laughed at the surrounding landscape, voicelessly in dry weather, and in wet with a gurgling and snorting sound.' All Gothic buildings of the Decorated period were adorned with gargoyles, even the tomb of Abelard and Héloïse has its full quota of scaly monsters.

" A familiar Grotesque is the knocker at Durham Cathedral. This fierce grinning head with its Medusa locks becomes beautiful when its purpose is known. Its eye sockets were originally filled with lights to guide the fugitive who was running to the cathedral for sanctuary; while in the little room above the door, some one always waited to hear the knocker and to let the runner in.

" But probably the best known Grotesque is Lincoln's famous Imp. He is the most over-valued, over-talked about, over-admired bit of ill-shapen marble in all Gothic architecture. Possibly, however, my feeling toward the Imp is due to my own misconception of him. He had become so familiar to me from pictures and casts that I had rather expected him to meet me at the door. Instead I looked for him in vain. Other Grotesques there were—the Devil on the Hag's back—but not till the obliging sacristan pointed him out, actually took a long pole and poked his cloven hoof, did I discover his mischievous little impship, himself. I felt like quoting, 'You shall search all day ere you find him, and when you have found him, he is not worth the search.' But there is this difference between Gratiano's Reasons and the Imp of Lincoln: the Reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff, while the Imp is just a bit of merry chaff, hid in that exquisitely lovely Angel Choir. The story runs that the old monk who carved the Imp made him because he had become so tired of angels that he felt he must have a little relaxation. Let us hope that he at least did not believe that the Grotesque represented sin, for if he could hold his sin so lightly as to represent it by this merry little Imp, he must surely have been damned for it."

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A FISHER OF THE MOON

An Appreciation of Edmond Rostand

MARY ARMS EDMONDS

IT is an unwritten law of the French Academy that each new member shall, in the "discourse" which he must deliver on the day of his formal admission, devote himself to a critique of his predecessor. When, in 1903, Edmond Rostand came before that august assembly, it was to succeed the idealistic poet, Henri de Bornier; and in his graceful and brilliant tribute he has found one phrase which might not only be applied to idealists as a class, but is particularly expressive of the essential quality in his own genius. Quoting an old Provençal song that says

"The folk of Lunel go a-fishing for the moon,"

he characterizes Bornier as all his life long "a fisher of the moon"—one, that is, who had the divine faith which could make him cast his net again and again, "never despairing of pulling in the planet," and the equally divine and allied gift of being able always to see "topazes and emeralds in the common sand of life." From the very beginning of the world's history, it has been to such faith and seership—though they might be, and usually were, reckoned at the moment as the merest foolishness of fanaticism—that every vital movement has owed its origin; and to those who believe that genius lies in the skilled expression of the ideal and the eternal which abide in the actual and the fugitive, they are equally inherent and essential elements in every true work of art.

In our day it would seem that fishing for the moon, although it can become extinct only with the race, has measurably declined. We have too little time and too much science not to look with a certain careless scorn on so indefinite and impalpable a pursuit. Yet it is as true to-day as it has ever been that for the quickening in us of our finer perceptions and the happiness of the larger life we must look, not to the superficialities of what we

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call modern progress, but to the silver drippings from these glistening nets. If there seem to be fewer of them, if too often the glimmer that catches our eye turns out on closer inspection to be only nickel plate, we must watch but the more keenly that no least sparkle of the real heaven-descended ray escape us. It was this sparkle which lent distinction to Rostand's first volume, even in a country where a man is scarcely held to have completed his education until he has "written his book"; and it is this sparkle in its increasing definiteness and depth which gives him a significant place and an assured value in the literary Golden Book of his own generation, whatever uncertainty must always hang about future verdicts.

Of the seven volumes which represent Rostand to the world, all but one have their contents cast in dramatic form. *Les Musardises,* with which he made his entrance into the tourney of letters, is a collection of poems written between 1887 and 1893, and possesses that subtler interest which, to so many people, gives an artist's sketchbook a value above that of his finished pictures. It is to an extent even rather unusual in literature a pencil shadowing of what he was later to render in colors. There is not a single fundamental idea and scarcely a fanciful thought anywhere in his work that cannot be found in embryo here. The verses are full of imperfections; full, too, of youth—of its egoisms, its vanities, its self-importance, but also of its generous enthusiasms and aspirations. From the very first is manifest the young writer's conviction that to be a poet is to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. There is more than the fantastic conception of a moment in the dialogue between St. Peter and the young man at the gates of Paradise, wherein the latter, convicted of most of the sins of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and about to be cast into outer darkness, bethinks himself just in time to plead that he has been a poet. St. Peter softens instantly.

> "'What? A poet?'—Without delay
> The gates swung back, his sternness fled.
> 'Why not have told me right away?
> Come in—You are at home,' he said."

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Les Musardises was followed by *Les Romanesques,* a comedy that is the daintiest piece of bric-à-brac imaginable, with "Made in France" stamped on its every line. It was produced at the Comédie Française in 1894; and a year later Sara Bernhardt brought out *La Princesse Lointaine,* perhaps the most characteristic, in its pure romanticism and idealism, of all Rostand's plays. *La Samaritaine,* in 1897, was another Bernhardt production; but it was not until the first appearance of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in December of that year, with Coquelin in the title rôle, that Rostand's fame outgrew what had been its merely national—one might almost say Parisian—limits. The enormous success of this play, which proved the greatest literary and dramatic sensation that French critics had had to encounter since the days of Victor Hugo, was followed up in 1900 by *L'Aiglon,* and then, after a further lapse of ten years, by *Chantecler.*

In going over the honor roll of these dramas, there is only one which, from the literary viewpoint, can be reckoned a failure. The reader of *La Samaritaine* can hardly refrain from wondering if it were not a made-to-order piece rather than a spontaneous outpouring, so lacking is it in any genuine poetic value. The language of the Bible paraphrased in verse—which is the language of almost the entire play—seems not only to put shackles on the poet's power of expression, but to lose in the process much of its native dignity and beauty. The figure of the Christ, too, is disappointing. Putting quite aside the question as to the advisability of any presentation of Christ on the stage, the fact undoubtedly remains that Rostand, handling his subject with the most profound reverence, yet fails signally to convince or impress. His Saviour is puerile beside the ideal conception that alone could satisfy; and by a curious contradiction, one gets more of the Christ spirit, one is brought nearer to those waters of eternal life promised to the Woman of Samaria, in almost any of the other plays than here where the Christ himself is the central figure.

If *La Samaritaine* is the only literary failure that can be laid at Rostand's door, *Cyrano* might be classed with *Les Romanesques* as the only purely dramatic success. Although the drama has been his chosen form of expression, and although

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everything he has done has received brilliant presentation, Rostand remains a poet rather than a playwright, and his plays are dramatic poems rather than poetic dramas. *Chantecler* affords perhaps the most striking example. Here we have an allegory worked out with exquisite poetic feeling and under forms which in reading the imagination accepts without any sense of shock. Once, however, promenade the Cock, the Hen Pheasant, the Dog, visibly before our eyes, once let us hear them speak their lines aloud in unmistakable voices of men and women—the illusion is gone, and with it the whole effectiveness of the play's meaning and appeal. From an imaginative creation it has degenerated into a mere spectacular sensation. I venture to believe that only about one in a hundred of those who saw the play given in this country, carried away from the theatre more than an admiring sense of the heights to which the stage-producer's art has attained of late years. Another instance of this same lack of correspondence between the thing conceived and the thing produced occurs in *L'Aiglon,* in the scene where the Duke is left alone on the Field of Wagram with the dead body of Flambeau. The coming-alive, as it were, of the whole vast plain before this boy who, heir to its glory and its tragedy, has just seen his hopes of a tangible inheritance done to death; the voices that rise of the thousands who died to give Napoleon victory; the groans and lamentations of the wounded that change into a song of triumph—"the pardon for the glory's sake"—as the Duke offers up himself and his ambition in expiation, this as a conception is tremendous; it has the grandeur of Greek tragedy. You thrill as you read; but once in an orchestra chair you can only sit unmoved, wondering what has become of the mental illusion the poet's magic had once succeeded in creating and vivifying.

The exception to this general statement, I have noted above. *Cyrano* is unquestionably, as an *acting* play, Rostand's masterpiece. The movement is rapid and dramatic, and there is no time when the imagination of the poet passes into a region where it is forbidden to actors and scene-setters to follow. The opening of the first act is admirable in its animation, its picturesqueness, its immediate establishment of the Seventeenth Cen-

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tury atmosphere. The insolent noblesse, the bourgeoisie, the soldiery, the professional cut-throats whose swords were at the service of the highest bidder, the professional pickpockets who exercised their trade in every public assembly, the fair ladies of the court, and the equally fair if more learned *précieuses*—all these are sketched in with a touch as vivid as it is light. Nor can we turn to any one of the succeeding scenes without finding in them material equally adapted to stage presentation. Manifestly, Rostand is fully capable of producing an acting drama of the first order. That he has not more uniformly done so—that *La Princesse Lointaine, L'Aiglon,* and *Chantecler,* are best of all as "closet plays"—is to be attributed in a large measure, I believe, to an element in his genius which comes out very markedly in his character-drawing. He is interested primarily in ideas, in thoughts rather than in persons. He looks on his characters, one feels, not so much as individuals, diversely composed of an assortment of traits, some important and many frivolous, but rather as instruments by means of which he can develop and emphasize his philosophy of life. This does not mean that his people are mere puppets—christened abstractions. They are mostly, on the contrary, admirably executed portraits; but their appeal is intellectual and spiritual rather than human and personal. One cannot imagine Rostand ever being so dominated by one of the creatures of his imagination as to change in the least degree the preconceived line of conduct he had laid out for that particular character. Squarciafico, in *La Princesse Lointaine,* the crafty Genoese merchant, shrewd, of the earth earthy, seeing things always in their lowest aspect, is a sketch drawn in vivid colors; and yet we never find ourselves visualizing him as a man, as we visualize Shylock, for instance. He is primarily the foil necessary to throw into highest relief the fundamental ideas of the drama. The same thing is essentially true of Flambeau, in *L'Aiglon.* There is no one of Rostand's minor characters who stands out more strikingly, but it is as the embodiment in flesh and blood of the almost fanatical devotion of Napoleon's soldiers to their leader. In his ringing lines, with their slang, their atmosphere of the people, their underlying grandeur, we feel the very throb of that enthusiasm to have inspired which is, per-

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haps, in the ultimate analysis, the "Little Corporal's" clearest claim to genius. Even Cyrano, the most human of all Rostand's people, is almost more a national figure than an individual. In him we are given a supreme expression of that peculiarly Gallic spirit which Rostand calls "having *le panache*"—the spirit which "is not greatness, but something that is added on to greatness and stirs above it . . . something fluttering, excessive. . . . *Le panache* is the wit of valor. . . . To jest in the face of danger is the supreme mark of good breeding, a delicate refusal to take oneself tragically." * It is a spirit which, in its gay defiance to life's buffets, appeals strongly to Rostand. The story of the lame Beggar † who in each fresh opening of his rags stuck a flower, who carried a garland on his crutch, and hid the holes in his weather-beaten hat with a wreath, is one that we find repeated again and again, under varying forms, in his work.

In *L'Aiglon* alone of all his plays, Rostand has chosen to centre the interest in the development of a character rather than of a thought. On the title-page the poet has written:

> "Great Heavens, I am not writing
> For or against the cause of strife—
> This history that I'm reciting
> Is only of a poor child's life."

This drama is indeed a profoundly interesting psychological study. In his presentation of the eaglet whom Metternich's policy is trying to convert into a tame song-bird, content in his golden cage, Rostand has selected for his leading theme the blending in the Duke's veins of the two bloods—the blood of the Corsican upstart and the blood of the long line of Austrian royalty. The genius of his father is constantly being held in check by the traditions of his mother. In the struggle that inevitably ensues—a struggle of the spirit against the subtle forces of heredity—l'Aiglon's failure and death are in the very nature of things assured. As he himself says to his friend Prokesch:

> "It is from no such vulgar poison as
> They give in melodramas on the stage,
> The Duke of Reichstadt's dying—it is from
> His soul!

* *Discours de Réception à l'Académie.*

† *Les Musardises.*

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PROKESCH

My lord!

THE DUKE

From my soul and my name!
That name that holds within itself the sound
Of bells and cannon, and is thundering loud
Against my languor, and reproaches ringing
Forever with its cannon and its bells!"

This recognition of the presence in himself of warring elements leads to a pathetic distrust of his own worthiness and ability to take up the heritage of his father; and the whole play is simply the presentation in dramatic form of the alternations in him of exaltation and despair, enthusiasm and inertia. We see him rebellious, beating his wings against the bars of his Austrian thraldom, learning avidly, in secret, that part of his history which his teachers are under orders to expurgate; and then again bowed to the earth under the overwhelming tragedy of the gloomy Habsburg heritage which claims him, too, as one of its heirs, trying to stifle memory, hope, ambition, in the pleasures of the senses. Finally, in the pathetic last act, we have the end of it all—the frail body succumbing at last in the battle of the mighty forces among which it has been buffeted—and the reader is left echoing pitifully the words of Thérèse as the epitaph that goes above the proud titles of King of Rome and Duke of Reichstadt —"Poor little one!"

In *L'Aiglon,* as in the other plays, the first and most clearly defined impression that detaches itself, is one of extraordinary poetic richness and vitality. In the spontaneity and fertility of his poetic expression, in his power of creating atmosphere, in the haunting music of so many of his lines, Rostand takes place beside the few, the very few, genuine word-singers of his day. It is his almost magical power of translating his own inner vision to his readers' senses that so enchants the imagination in the balcony scene in *Cyrano,* recreating the moonlit, flower-scented night with its under-throb of passion; that lends such an eerie thrill to the scene of the "Nocturnes" in *Chantecler,* with its sense of black night, of the burning eyes that open as the name of each Night-Bird is called, of the ferocity alive in all this dark-

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ness, this mystery; and that is used with such tremendous dramatic effect in the scene in *L'Aiglon* where Metternich comes to the Duke's room at Schönbrunn. One feels with an almost physical intensity the darkness of the room; one sees the little hat before which kings once bowed, black against the whiteness of the paper on which it lies, and the form of the old veteran of the Guard drawn up, erect and menacing, in the gleam of moonlight; and one shivers with much the same sensation of half superstitious awe as must have thrilled through Metternich when, as the door from the bedroom opens, there comes the solemn announcement: "The Emperor."

Moreover, as part also of his poetic dower, Rostand has a very exquisite insight into and power to present the element of tenderness which flowers in some corner of most human hearts. A scene such as that between the Duke of Reichstadt and his grandfather in the third act of *L'Aiglon,* to quote but a single instance, could have been written only by one who understood that off from the great, passion-swept highroads of emotion there branch a hundred little bypaths, each with its own fragrant, tender charm. Yet the sentiment with which again and again he touches our heart-strings, never degenerates into sentimentality. He himself has given us an apt illustration of the union in his genius of the profounder things of life and art with an iridescent and often keenly satirical wit.

> "How like we are, O Drummer-Boy of Love!
> I'm playing still a medley sad and gay,
> With for the drum, so grave and deep, my heart—
> A heavier weight to carry than your weight.
> But ever, while it makes its muffled plaint,
> My wit goes whistling like a mocking flute." *

Repeatedly we catch the flash of a rapier thrust that pricks a folly or lays open an hypocrisy, and in *Chantecler,* where there is more sustained satire than in any of the other plays, we find the point bared through entire scenes—notably in the third act, where we have the Guinea Hen's "At Home." Here the modern craving for novelty, for sensationalism, for notoriety; the whole superficial, pseudo-intellectual, fad-worshipping cast of a

* *Les Musardises.*

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certain sort of society is mercilessly drawn. Rostand, however, loses in artistic effectiveness in proportion as he yields too free a rein to what is not of the essence of his gift. The scene at the Guinea Hen's becomes intolerably wearisome. The prevalence of every sort of slang expression, whether of the salon or of the street, with the local limitations it necessarily imposes, and the constant recurrence of that word-jugglery which is one of Rostand's besetting weaknesses, end by rasping the reader's nerves. One cannot but feel that the poet must take a quite impish delight in his own ability to play with words—to make, as it were, a rhetorical hodge-podge. At times one's brain grows dizzy in the attempt to follow his meaning through the wild contortions of his diction, even while one gasps with a sort of painful admiration for the mental ingenuity and flexibility that can devise and perform such astounding intellectual gymnastics.

There is no question that, for the foreigner, *Chantecler* is the most difficult of any of the Rostand plays; nor does it stand on a level, in its entirety, with the best of his previous work. After the first two acts the poet seems to lose grasp a little, the action drags, and there is a decided falling off in the beauty of the lines. Yet it is in *Chantecler* that we get the most definite expression of certain significant elements in Rostand's thought. A thorough "romantic" himself, he holds that the romance lies in the individual soul, not in the outward event. To him life presents itself as a glorious and wonderful experience quite independent of any apparent limitations of place and circumstance. He would have us believe that there is nothing commonplace, there is nothing mean, unless we choose dully to go along with eyes closed to the daily miracles; and that it only needs a sense of all that is in and around and beyond what we see in the world, to make of the quietest, most circumscribed existence a thing of throbbing interest. Closely allied with this is the other leading motive of *Chantecler*—the cosmic importance of the individual life. In the great scheme of things there is given to each one of us his place, his little garden patch, the cultivation or neglect of which is going to affect for good or ill the universal estate. Faithfulness to the trust that is bestowed on us at birth, with a proud and glad appreciation of its potentialities—this is the

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lesson taught by the Cock who thinks that his song brings the day into being. Rostand is not launching a satire in this instance—Chantecler is not a type of the boaster who believes that the universe hangs on his nod. The true significance of his attitude is revealed to us no less than to the Hen Pheasant in the wonderful scene of the "making of the dawn," and in lines of such lyric beauty that they linger like music in the memory. Even when, in the end, there comes the bitter disillusionment of finding out that it is not, after all, his song which summons the dawn, Chantecler still remains true to his *métier,* choosing to go back to his farmyard, with its jealousies, its bitternesses, its hypocrisies, because there lie his place and his work. If it is not he who brings light to his valley, at least he is the herald of light, charged to dispel the lurking evils of night with his proclamation of day and sunshine and all the wholesome forces of work and energy they set free.

In this emphasis which it lays on enthusiasm, on the need of living one's life with a will, *Chantecler* brings out anew that which sets Rostand very definitely apart from the undistinguished throng of "idle singers of an idle day." Although he himself would be the first to disown any direct intention to point a moral or preach a sermon, the most casual reader can hardly fail to realize that his entire work is simply the expression, under however varied phrasing, of an intense belief in the beauty and value of idealism—the golden vein running through the world's dross and which alone can make the joy and the inspiration of living. Again and again he bids us realize that

> "Above a roof,
> A chimney-pot,
> And over you and me,
> Above the humblest working day—"

there is always

> "A sky as pure, a sky as wide
> As ever sky of Sicily";*

and that the one irremediable tragedy is to keep our eyes so persistently on the street that we lose sight of the blue. We are

* *Les Musardises.*

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so chary of letting ourselves go, the most of us, so fearful of what our feet may stumble over if we keep our heads too high, so desirous not to be caught straying from the solid foundations of the matter-of-fact into the foolishness of romance. We are afraid of the fate predicted by Maître Erasme for Frère Trophime—afraid we shall be excommunicated by a commonsense world that has no desire to pass beyond the limits of what it can see and touch, what its reason can account for and catalogue. It is Rostand's passionately held belief, and the burden of his message to our age, that this laziness of the soul should at all costs be shaken off, and that we should, each one of us, make of his life a voyage towards a "Princesse Lointaine." The gravest reproach he brings against modern life, is the atrophy of the power of enthusiasm under the tyranny of intellectual fashion and the dictates of "good form." When Chantecler pleads in favor of the Blackbird—

"Come now, admit he is intelligent,"

Patou answers:

"Ye-es—and yet not so very, for his eye
Is never dazzled. Before every flower—
Of whose supporting stalk he's too aware—
He has a look that holds delight in check,
A word that somehow makes all beauty less."

It is the regenerative and spiritually quickening power of idealism which is made the keynote of *La Princesse Lointaine,* and is voiced by Frère Trophime—the wise and tender monk who is the idealist in religion as Rudel is the idealist in love and Bertrand in chivalry—in his answer to the reproaches of Maître Erasme, the Prince's physician. Bitterly resentful at being stirred from a pleasant chimney-corner by the call of something so vague and glamorous, Erasme is descanting on the folly of the undertaking and ends by taking Frère Trophime to task for sanctioning with his presence an expedition which, alone in that age, was making for the East with no purpose of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. To which the monk replies:

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"It is not this release which is God's will.
Believe that had he cared to chase away
The horde of infidels from round the Tomb,
A single angel could have done it with
Only a stirring of his mighty wings.
But no, what God willed was to quicken those
Living in torpor, sloth, and arrogance;
To take them out from their dull selfishness,
The drab indifference that kills the soul,
And thrust them, singing, proud, among the spears,
Drunk with devotion, eager to die afar,
In that entire forgetfulness of self
Of which they all had need."

And so this love of Rudel's—this love which is a dream of something unknown, pure and fair, and which has had power to waken his soul, to take him out from the little, fossilizing influences of his little court and send him to meet the larger experiences of life, hardships, danger, and even death—is working as truly for God's ends as any crusade of them all.

"Ah! inertia is the one vice, Maître Erasme,
And the one virtue—

ERASME
Is——?

FRÈRE TROPHIME
Enthusiasm!"

Even the rude mariners whom Rudel has hired to carry him to Tripoli—scum of the ports, pirates and cut-throats—have felt the influence that emanates from every noble and generous conception. Through storms and battles, in the midst of hunger and thirst, their courage has been sustained by the thought of this wonderful fairy-story in which they feel themselves to be taking part. There is a whole volume of suggestion in the cries with which they greet Bertrand at a moment when hope seems nearly gone.

"Sir Bertrand, I am hungry—tell me more
About the gold of the Princess's hair!—
And I, Sir Bertrand, I am thirsty—tell
Me once again the deep blue of her eyes!"

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In his Discourse before the Academy, Rostand, defending the poetic drama, said:

"The true wit is that which lends wings to enthusiasm. . . . And this is why we need a drama through which, exalting lyrically, moralizing with beauty, consoling with grace, the poets shall be able, without doing it on purpose, to give lessons in soul. This is why we need a drama that shall be poetic and even heroic. . . . The personages of the drama are . . . intrusted with the duty of taking us out on a holiday from this eternal college which is life—taking us out in order to give us courage to go back again!"

There could be no better summary than this of the nature of the place which Rostand fills. In the stress he lays upon spiritual values, in the virile force and energy of his idealism, in the transforming touch of romance he lays upon life, he is giving a lesson sorely needed—he is taking us out from the ruts of the daily routine into the holiday joys and rich possibilities that lie in fishing for the moon.

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THE LITTLE KING

A Play in One Act

WITTER BYNNER

CHARACTERS

LOUIS XVII of France
ANTOINE SIMON, his tutor
JEANNE MARIE, the latter's wife
BARELLE, a royalist
ROBERT, a washerwoman's boy

Time: 1793. A morning in July.

Scene: In the Temple at Paris: a room in which is imprisoned Louis XVII, the Boy-King of France, under the tutelage of Antoine Simon and his wife, Jeanne Marie.

Behind a large iron-barred door at the back is an anteroom from which one staircase descends to the courtyard and another ascends to a platform on the roof of the Temple. A closed door leads at the left into a bedroom. Near it stands an elaborate bird-cage in which a wooden canary moves when wound up and whistles "The March of the King." In the cage are also some live canaries, one of which has a red ribbon round its neck. A small barred window at the right overlooks the courtyard. Under it are a box of mortar and some squared stones, one or two of which have already been set into the window. Nearby is a table, a cupboard of dishes and on the floor a basket of soiled linen.

At the rise of the curtain, Jeanne Marie, with a dish in her hand, stands by a larger table where three people have just finished a light meal. She is a squat woman of fifty with thick features and a blotched face. She is conversing, as she clears the table, with Barelle, apparently a middle-aged stonemason, who is mixing mortar with his trowel near the window.

JEANNE
(As she carries soiled dishes into the anteroom)
What?—block this too and shut out all the light?

BARELLE
The window first and afterward both doors.
A grating left there for his meals, but not
An aperture for light or hope or mercy.

JEANNE
And the blind chumps have chosen you to do
The job? Luck's with us, Citizen Barelle.

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BARELLE

You mean God's with us. God Himself, not they,
Selected me,—to be His instrument.

JEANNE

There's wonderful divinity in gold.
I'll be the instrument. You be the God.

BARELLE

(Removing from the window a cross-shaped iron bar)
Though France turns coward toward a little boy,
Son of the King she killed, O Lord, my faith
Still calls to Thee. For Jesus' sake, Thy Son,
Suffer me now to save the Son of France!

JEANNE

(Seizing the iron bar)
Here's holy water for your crucifix.
(She spits on it and throws it on the floor)

BARELLE

I only pity you.—By noon expect
Me with the boy. Explain it to the King.

JEANNE

Leave that to me. You fetch the other King.
And, please, the puppy-dog has learned his change
Of name. Not King, not Louis any more.
Just call him Capet and he'll wag his tail
With quite remarkable intelligence.

BARELLE

What was the understanding with Michel?

JEANNE

Michel will be on guard down there at noon.
As soon as he's alone he'll signal us.

BARELLE

Where will your husband be?

JEANNE

Leave him to me.
And when the coin comes round, leave that to me.

BARELLE

One payment now. The rest as we agreed.

JEANNE

God in three parts! And one part now! Come pay it!

BARELLE

(Taking from inside his blouse a bag of gold, which he hands to her)
At noon, at noon, pay me my King!
(Exit Barelle)

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JEANNE

(To the bag of gold)

Sweet God!

(She kisses it, then hides it in her sewing-basket on the small table. Humming a snatch of the Marseillaise, she throws open the bedroom door and calls through it with her arms akimbo)

Capet, your eyes are red. Go scrub your face.
Make it all red like a washerwoman's son.

THE KING

(A boy of nine, his voice heard outside)

I am a Queen's son!

JEANNE

Marie Antoinette
Now washes handkerchiefs, because she cries
So much and blows her nose. Listen to me.
You are to be a washerwoman's son
This very day.—Sh-h! Don't you tell Antoine!

(She hears him on his way upstairs singing a revolutionary chant. She quickly closes the bedroom door and turns toward the anteroom where Antoine Simon enters. He is a big shoemaker of fifty-five, with straight black hair hanging long and a swarthy brutish face. He carries aloft two bottles of brandy)

ANTOINE

I've brought two friends with me.

JEANNE

(Seizing a corkscrew)

Off with their heads!

ANTOINE

Let go my friends! I bring 'em here like this
And you—you murder 'em! You used to be
A stylish drinker, Jeanne Marie. But now
You're an old soak.

JEANNE

Only a soak would talk
Like that. I taste my glass the same as ever.
It's you who booze like a lout and waste a lot
On Capet, just to make the poor brat drunk.

ANTOINE

You like to see him caper round, yourself.
But you won't pay your share. You get two thirds

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As much as me for staying in this hole
And you never spend a sou.
(He sits and changes his boots for slippers)

JEANNE

(Carrying dishes from table to cupboard)
The nation takes
Good care of you, husband,—also of me:
Six thousand livres your share, four thousand mine.

ANTOINE

A patriotic cobbler and his wife
Shut up like marquises!

JEANNE

You make me sick,
Talking like that about ten thousand livres.
You don't know what you want, you lucky fool.

ANTOINE

Haven't I begged 'em twice to let me off
From tutoring the whelp; to rid me of him?
They won't. They've got me here. And here I stick
And rot. It's bad for the brain, that's what it is.
Capet's much luckier than we are, Jeanne,
For he has us, he has, for company,
But we have only him.
(The King, a handsome, gentle boy, appears at the bedroom door. Antoine hurls his boot at the King)
Get out of here!
(The King looks calmly at them both, then returns into the bedroom. Jeanne Marie closes the door after him)

JEANNE

(In a superstitious whisper)
He looked at me as my boy Raymond did.
He looked at me as my dead Raymond did. . . .
Antoine, I know he waked you up last night——

ANTOINE

With his damn prayers! I fixed him good. He'll not
Be trying Trappist tricks on me again.

JEANNE

(Angrily)
Yes, fixed him good and maybe fixed yourself.
Poured water on him, left him there between
The icy sheets, to shiver all night long!
What if he's caught his death?

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ANTOINE

What did they say
When I asked 'em, the Committee, about Capet,
Whether they wanted me to poison him?
They said, 'Well, don't you let him grow too much!'
Wife dear, what did they mean?

JEANNE

They meant, 'Don't add
A cubit to his stature,—cut him short,
But not too short!' They know their business best.
Why do you suppose they send a mason here?

ANTOINE

To block the window and make bats of us.

JEANNE

No, not of us,—of him. They're going to seal
The door and lock him in.

ANTOINE

And lock us out?

JEANNE

We'll stay in the Temple, feed him through a hole
Cut here and tutor him an hour a day,
Talk through the hole to him—on Liberty!

ANTOINE

There'll be no fun in that. For what's the use
Of talking to him if you can't get at him?
I've half a mind to do for him to-day
And end this job. Who'd care about a Capet?
Nobody cared about old Louis Capet.
And people say about the Austrian,
'Why ask for cake when there is dust to eat?'

JEANNE

No, no!—France has her enemies abroad
Who call the whelp a king. France has her game
To play. And this one Louis,—see?—may be
A lucky coin. A child's a child, Antoine,
And a child's head looks ridiculous on a pike.

ANTOINE

No, it looks nice.

JEANNE

Hey, Antoine, listen! Drums.

ANTOINE

Some one they've got to guillotine, I guess.

JEANNE

The roof, the platform! Call if you can see!

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ANTOINE

I'll bet you first it's Marie Antoinette.

JEANNE

An end of her? O no, not yet, my dear!
If it were women trying her, then yes.
But this Tribunal? Men, Antoine? Not much!

ANTOINE

Justice decides and Justice is a female!

JEANNE

They'll feast for days upon those dainty eyes
Before the garbage goes. If she's a beauty—
I hope I'm not.

ANTOINE

You're not.

JEANNE

Trust her with men?
She's got you, all of you, just where you're weak. . . .
She'd charm the hind leg off the Golden Calf!

ANTOINE

Bet me the brandy on it?—the cost of the brandy?

JEANNE

Double the cost! It's not the Widow Capet.

ANTOINE

I'll go and ask Michel. He's just come on.

JEANNE

O husband, how I wish the guillotine
Was near, was close at hand, to cheer us up!
In seven weeks I haven't seen one head.
(Antoine goes upstairs through the anteroom. Jeanne Marie rapidly takes a piece of soiled linen and wrapping her bag of money tightly so that it shall not jingle, lays the bundle aside on the little table. Then she enters the anteroom and calls to her husband)
Who wins, Antoine? Who wins?

ANTOINE

(Outside)

I win!

JEANNE

The Queen?

ANTOINE

(Entering)
The Queen! I called to Michel. Yes, the Queen!
She's due to lose her pretty neck at noon.

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JEANNE
It's noon and more. The neck is overdue.

ANTOINE
(Emphasizing his demand with his fist on the table)
Pay for the brandy now, old woman!

JEANNE
Sh-h!

ANTOINE
Hurry him out. I've happy news for him.

JEANNE
No, no, he's sick. Wait till he's well again.

ANTOINE
I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll make him drink.
And then we'll make him dance, dance to the bells,
The bells that ring when they lift up her head!
The brandy, open it! But pay me first.
(He opens a bottle. She pays him, taking the money from her stocking)
That's one on you, old girl. Now for the brat!
We'll celebrate. Capet! Aristocrat!
You snip-nosed wolf-cub, sulking by yourself,
What are you doing? Eating up those pears
You took from lunch so's not to eat with us?
Come out here! Join your betters!

JEANNE
Careful now!
(The King enters from the bedroom. He has in his hands two pears, which he lays on a chair. Jeanne Marie intercepts Antoine)
Come here, Capet, I want to talk to you. . . .
Citizen Barelle's calling by and by.

THE KING
You told me so.

JEANNE
You like him, don't you?

THE KING
No.

ANTOINE
You do, you little liar.

THE KING
No, I don't.

ANTOINE
Why do you lie to me?

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THE KING
I do not like him.
JEANNE
Have you forgotten that he brought you these?
You like your birds, you ought to like him too.
THE KING
But if I did, they would not let him come.
ANTOINE
Your tutor, Simon, never goes away.
They let him come.
JEANNE
You're fond of him, ain't you?
ANTOINE
Come, answer us! You love me, don't you?
THE KING
Yes.
ANTOINE
You little liar!
THE KING
Why do you ask me then?
JEANNE
D'you like me, Capet?
THE KING
Where's my Mama-Queen?
She isn't walking up there any more.
I listen and I listen. Is she sick?
Where have they taken her?
ANTOINE
Don't use that word!
JEANNE
Don't you say Queen! Your tutor doesn't like it.
THE KING
Where is she gone?
JEANNE
She's sick.
THE KING
I thought she was.
O can't I go to her? Please can't I go
To her?
JEANNE
You can't.
THE KING
Then can't I send her these?
O can't I? Can't I send her my canaries?

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JEANNE
You haven't heard that Citizen Barelle
Will bring Robert, the washerwoman's boy,
To stay a little while and play with you?
THE KING
O Master, can't I send her my canaries?
ANTOINE
Sit down. We're going to celebrate. Three glasses!
(Jeanne Marie brings the glasses)
THE KING
Please do not make me drink.
ANTOINE
Sit down, I say!
Drink to the Guillotine! Come, there's your glass.
(The King draws back)
Do you want it down your neck? The Guillotine!
And my good-luck! Come on now.
THE KING
What good-luck?
ANTOINE
I won a bet, young man. I won this wine.
(He makes the King drink)
JEANNE
Here's to the everlasting health of France!
(Antoine and Jeanne Marie drink, then he makes the King drink)
THE KING
O let me send my birds to her! She's sick.
ANTOINE
You little devil!—it's the Guillotine
That drinks this day to France.
THE KING
Who is it now?
JEANNE
(Preventing Antoine from telling)
Some one you know who used to be at Court.
ANTOINE
There's no more Court.
THE KING
O dear, why do they kill
Good people,—only good, kind people? Why?
ANTOINE
Dunno. They have a funny way with them.
They'll take me next.

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THE KING
They'll never take you, Master.

ANTOINE
Ain't you the little joker! Catch your ball!
Why don't you hold your hands out, blunderhead?
Can't even learn to catch a ball! We'll see
If you can sing. You know! Your favorite!
(He sings, Jeanne Marie joining him)
Madam Veto thought she could
Make all Paris run with blood;
But it didn't come off
Thanks to a cough,
Dance, dance the Carmagnole,
Thanks to a cough
Of the cannon!
Put spirit in it, Capet. Now! Pipe up!

THE KING
'Madame Veto thought she——' O no, no!
I cannot sing that song.

ANTOINE
Why not?

THE KING
Because
You mean my mother. And it isn't true.
She hasn't done them any harm. She loves
Her people, Mother does.

ANTOINE
She loves her wolves,
Her Austrians! Her people aren't the French.

THE KING
Her people are the French. She told me so.

ANTOINE
You going to sing?

THE KING
How can I sing it, Master?
I cannot sing bad songs about my Mother.

ANTOINE
You sang it yesterday.

THE KING
Master, I didn't.

ANTOINE
Didn't he, Jeanne Marie?

JEANNE
You bet he did.

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THE KING
I didn't.

ANTOINE
Little fool, you don't know what
You do when you've been drinking. Get a jag
And sing. You're jolly when you're drunk. To France!
(Offering him the glass again)

THE KING
No, Master, no!—not if I sang that song!
What if my Mother heard me sing that song?

ANTOINE
She's heard you sing it! More than once! It's done
Her good, shown her how well I keep my word:
'He shall receive a royal education;
We shall instruct him to forget the past
And only to remember he's a child
Of the one and indivisible Republic.'
You sing your song. You won't? Then take this drink.
The young wolf shuts his teeth. See, Jeanne Marie,
What savage little teeth! He must be tamed.
Where's there a knife to pry them open with?
We'll cure his pride. Now will you sing that song?
Down on your knees! Learn this——

JEANNE
Let him alone.

ANTOINE
Obedience comes first in Simon's course.
(He forces the King to the floor)
Open your mouth. Drink this. Well then, try this
Instead!

JEANNE
Antoine! Give me that knife!
(She takes it from him)

ANTOINE
Get up.
(He roughly lifts the motionless King)
Open your mouth and say you ask my pardon
And we'll postpone the music-lesson. What?
Won't talk?
(Jeanne Marie turns toward the anteroom, where Barelle enters, followed by Robert who, looking like the King in height, color and feature, brings a basket of clean clothes

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and a bouquet of roses tied with the tricolor. They see Antoine about to strike the King with the cross-shaped iron bar)

BARELLE

Antoine! Is that good tutelage?

JEANNE

For disobedience.

ANTOINE

The little snob!
I couldn't make him drink the health of France.

THE KING

You lie!—To France!
(As he grasps the glass, holds it high and then drinks, the bells ring out)

JEANNE

The bells!

ANTOINE

She's dead! She's dead!
The holiday! The Carmagnole! She's dead!

THE KING

What do you say? I'm dizzy. France is dead?

JEANNE

No! France was crucified—but comes to life!

ANTOINE

The resurrection! Dance, my darling, dance!
(They start singing the Marseillaise and take his hands)

THE KING

No!—not to that tune! Wait and I will dance.
(He breaks away and turns on the catch which sets the toy canary whistling)
I'll dance to my tune, mine!—The March of the King!
(Jeanne Marie turns off the catch)

BARELLE

(Interposing between Antoine's anger and the King)
Go slowly, Citizen, to cure a King.
The lilies flourished for a thousand years.
Uprooting them takes time.

JEANNE

Well,—time takes root.

BARELLE

(Crossing to work at the window)
How are your birds, Capet?

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ANTOINE

They sing, but he?—
He has the pip!

BARELLE

I left an officer
Behind me on the stairs whose legs were weak
With too much holiday. He's come, he says,
'To mourn the dead with Citizen Simon.'

JEANNE

(Handing Antoine the bottle and glasses)
The platform's pleasanter. Here! Comfort him!
(While Barelle fits a stone into the window, Jeanne Marie sees Antoine out and closes the heavy door after him)

THE KING

(Politely to Jeanne Marie)
He doesn't understand about the window.
You said that he was going to mend the window.

JEANNE

That's what he's doing. There were holes in it.

BARELLE

Let's see which one is taller of you boys.
(They measure back to back)

ROBERT

We're just the same.

THE KING

Why yes, we're just the same.
(Receiving from Robert the bunch of roses)
Thank you, Robert.

ROBERT

I thought you'd like them. Look!
Look underneath the roses,—look at this!

THE KING

My flower, my flower!

BARELLE

A lily for the King.
(The King kisses the lily and hides it again under the roses)

THE KING

Sir, you've been kind to me both times you've come.
Last time you brought me my canary-birds.
I have not anything to give to you
But these two pears which I have saved from lunch.

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And, just because I am so poor, I beg
That you will please me, sir, by taking one.
And will you take the other one, Robert?

BARELLE

I thank your Majesty.

JEANNE

Get up! Don't call
Him that. It isn't done. You're right, they are
As like as peas. Listen to me, Capet.
Take off your things. Put on Robert's.

THE KING

What for?

JEANNE

(On guard near the big door)
You're going to be Robert.—Obey Barelle,
Do everything he says. For, if you don't,
They'll kick you, whip you and cut off your head.

BARELLE

You'll come with me?

THE KING

I'll go with you and do
Just what you tell me to. But afterwards
They'll punish me.

BARELLE

You do not understand.
We are your friends. And we shall set you free.

THE KING

My Mother too?—my Mother?

BARELLE

Where you go
The Queen shall go. You may be sure of that.

THE KING

Then take me to her! That will make me sure.

BARELLE

Robert, your coat!
(Robert takes off his coat and waits by the bedroom door)

THE KING

You are not making fun
Of me?—You really are my friend—my friend?

JEANNE

(Showing and patting her bundle)
He's counted out the proof of it in cash.
He's paid me money. Think of it, for you!—
A little piece of rotten meat like you!

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BARELLE
(To Jeanne Marie)
You are the rotten meat I purchased!

JEANNE
Pooh!

THE KING
I wish you had not paid for me!

JEANNE
Pooh, pooh!

ROBERT
Come quick, for we must change our clothes, you know.

THE KING
(To Robert, in the doorway)
Mother will look at me that funny way
And not know which to do, to laugh or cry,
And not do either—but just look at me.
Doesn't your mother look at you like that?

ROBERT
Come, little King, and change our clothes.

THE KING
Mine does.
(He follows Robert into the bedroom)

BARELLE
You watch the platform.

JEANNE
(Opening the big door; a crack)
The old stairway creaks.
I always hear him coming.

BARELLE
(Looking through the window)
What?—Two guards?

JEANNE
You'll have to wait till Michel's there alone
Before you start.
(She sits and sews by the big door)

BARELLE
(Setting another stone in place)
I wish that you had told
Antoine.

JEANNE
Don't be a fool. I know Antoine.
He would have shilly-shallied half-a-year
Before we ever brought him to the point.

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Antoine's a coward. If I do the thing,
Saving him all the pains and half the cash,
He'll thank me when it's done. I know Antoine.

BARELLE
But what if he comes down?

JEANNE
I'll manage him,
Bottle him up again and think for him
And act for him,—then put a sum away
With which to make him love me by-and-by.

BARELLE
You care for him by caring for his money
As we took care of you by keeping yours.—
How little you have learned from our mistake!
There would have been no need of all this blood
If only my poor friends had learned and dared
In time, to be contented with enough.

JEANNE
Enough is not enough and never will be.
I tell you, Citizen, there's no such thing
As coin enough. Look at the two of us!—
You've had too much and you philosophize.
I've had too little and I kick up hell.
But those who have enough—lie in their graves.
Too much, too little—life! Enough—the end.
(The boys enter, each in the other's clothes. The King has Robert's liberty cap in his hand)

THE KING
I have on everything.—But not the cap!

JEANNE
Put that on too. No matter where you go,
You'll never wear a crown in France again.
Put that on too, my darling Citizen.
(The King still holds it in his hand)

BARELLE
Run back again, if anyone should come,
And change the jackets—and the cap.

JEANNE
And then
Come out again like you'd been playing ball.
Here, Capet, take it, have it in your pocket.
When Michel's by himself, Barelle, don't wait

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To talk. Just go. See, Capet, there's your load.
I've lightened it,—so's not to strain your wings.
(She sits and sews again by the big door. The King tries the weight of the basket, then lays it down and stands watching Robert. Presently he takes Robert by the hand and leads him to the cage of canaries)

THE KING
(Softly)
I like the one you gave me best of all.
My toy canary sings 'The March of the King'
And the one you gave me tries to copy him.
(They sit on the floor by the cage)
I've tied a little ribbon on his neck
To tell him by.—I think he knows me, Robert.
He lets me take him out of the cage and talk
To him. And he turns his head and looks. And once
He sang to me sitting right on my finger.
O how I wish my Mama-Queen could see him!
They wouldn't let me send him up to her.
She's sick and ought to have all sorts of things
To comfort her.—Perhaps they'll let me send
My flowers to her. Wouldn't you like to have
Them comfort her, Robert, instead of me,
Because she's sick, you know?

ROBERT
Yes, little King.

THE KING
I do not like to have you call me King.
They might not let you play with me again. . .
And then besides it means my Father's dead.

ROBERT
The King is dead,—long live the Little King!

THE KING
The night he left he took me on his knee
And held my hand and made me swear, Robert,
That I'd forgive his people everything
And not be harsh with them when I grow up.
And don't you think that that was like our Saviour?
Next day my Mother helped me pray for him;
But when I tried to think of the good God,
I couldn't think of anyone but Papa.
Why did they kill him, Robert?

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ROBERT

Mother says
Because their hearts are bronze.

THE KING

I told my Father,
The day I lost Moufflet, my dog, the day
We came to the Temple and the men stuck out
Their tongues and knocked the statue down and called
My Mother names, I told my Father then
How bad they were. But he said, 'No, they weren't.'
He said that they would understand him some day
And find that we were just like them and ask
Our pardon for the way they treated us.
You ought to have seen how Mama looked at him!
And then she kissed him. Kissed me, too. And she
Was crying, Robert, for I think she knew
Better than Papa what was happening.
There's nobody so wonderful as Mama.
Why do they call her names and sing bad songs
About her, when she's good? My Mother's good.
She doesn't hate the people.

JEANNE

Shut your mouth,
Capet, and pay attention! Watch Barelle!

BARELLE

Has God forgotten us?

JEANNE

Don't drag in God.
Just wait and watch and, when the time comes, act.
(They all wait a moment or two, silent)

THE KING

(Whispering, close to Robert)
When I was little, Mama had her hair
Away up high with a hundred waves in it.
And on the waves were little ships, Robert!
O it was wonderful! She waked me up
To let me see it.—And I had a sword.

JEANNE

(Jumping to her feet)
He's coming! Quick, the both of you, get in there!
(The boys run into the bedroom. Jeanne Marie shuts them in, then sits again and sews. Barelle works at the window)
(Antoine enters)

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ANTOINE
We want another bottle of that brandy.
JEANNE
Here, take it. Drink it up. To hell with Queens!
ANTOINE
What's the son of the she-wolf doing, hey?
(To Barelle)
I'm not supposed to take my eye off him,
You know. Even asleep, one eye must be
Propped up and watching him. A pretty job!
Where is he?
JEANNE
Here's your bottle.
ANTOINE
(Brushing her aside and opening the door of the bedroom)
Come on out
Of there!
(Stopping short, then turning savagely)
What's this, Barelle?
BARELLE
What, Citizen?
ANTOINE
They're changing coats!—Barelle, what game is this?
JEANNE
If brandy makes a muddle in your brain——
ANTOINE
Come out here, you two!
(The King enters, his coat in his hand)
Both of you!
(Robert follows, cap on but carrying his coat)
By God!——
What is this game you're playing?
ROBERT
Citizen——
THE KING
We're playing ball.
ANTOINE
Show me the ball.
THE KING
(Finding it in the pocket of his coat)
It's here.
ANTOINE
(Knocking it out of the King's hand)
Ball in a room that hasn't any light!
What were you changing clothes for?—tell me that!

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THE KING
O first we played a game of masquerade.
ANTOINE
The hell you did!
(He seizes the King by the throat)
BARELLE
Come, Citizen, hands off!
ANTOINE
You mean—heads off! Yours first of all, Barelle!
JEANNE
Yours second, Antoine!
ANTOINE
Hold your tongue, you bitch!
You're in on it!
JEANNE
You lose your head like this
To-day, you'll lose it good to-morrow. Fool!
What do you mean to do?
ANTOINE
Accuse Barelle!
JEANNE
And me?
ANTOINE
And you. . . . And get ten thousand livres
For taking care of Capet by myself!
JEANNE
Try it and see! You send me to the scaffold,
I'll just turn round and take you with me, dear.
Look at the evidence. Look what you did!—
You broke the rules,—left Capet with Barelle
And kept the officer outside.—Why that?——
Except to share the hundred thousand livres!
ANTOINE
What hundred thousand?
JEANNE
(Lifting her bundle from the table)
Here's a part of it.
BARELLE
This ring! The Prince of Condé's. Take him this
In Vendée and my note, he'll honor it.
I've sixty thousand here in Paris,—yours,
If you decide. Now, sir! your life is more
To you than mine to me. I've got you there.
But you can save yours, mine,—and earn, besides,
Another hundred thousand livres.

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JEANNE
That is—
Besides my hundred thousand?
BARELLE
Yes.
JEANNE
Good God!
BARELLE
Nobody ever comes who knows the King.
JEANNE
And I'll fall sick and we can get away.
BARELLE
With all the cash you need for all your lives.
JEANNE
Just think, that means as much as ten whole years
Of prison and the brat.—Go on upstairs!
ANTOINE
You should have let me in on this before.
JEANNE
Shut up with your 'before'! It's 'now.' Go on!
ANTOINE
Well, I don't know. I guess we'd better do it.
JEANNE
Here! you're forgetting what you came to fetch.
(She hands him the second bottle of brandy)
ANTOINE
(Brandishing it at Barelle)
I'd like to smash your head, you Royalist!
BARELLE
God knows, my hand would like——
JEANNE
Quit quarrelling.
Wait till I see if Michel's there alone.—
He is!
BARELLE
Give me your jacket! Quick, Robert!
Come! and be careful, O be careful, Sire!
THE KING
(As they put him into Robert's coat)
My little birds, good-bye. Good-bye, Robert.
My Mother-Queen will love you when I tell her.—
O shall I see green trees again and sky
Spread out?—O think of it!—the sky spread out!
ROBERT
And lots of birds!

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BARELLE

Good-bye, Robert.

ROBERT

Good-bye.

BARELLE

You are a brave and darling boy, Robert.

ROBERT

Good-bye, good-bye.

(Barelle kisses him, then turns to the King)

BARELLE

Be quiet now and follow.
Be careful.

THE KING

I'll be careful. I know how.

ROBERT

(As Barelle and the King are leaving by the big door)
Good-bye.

ANTOINE

Shut up your head!

(With a sudden blow he knocks Robert to the floor)

THE KING

(Coming back and standing stock still)
I had not thought
Of that.—I cannot go.

(Robert rises)

JEANNE

You fool! Robert
Is safe enough. I'm here. I'll keep good watch
Of him.

THE KING

You can't, you can't, when Master—No!

(Antoine goes upstairs, laughing)

O no, Robert! the people over there,
If they should find me gone, would punish you
And maybe kill you.

ROBERT

But they won't find out.
I'll turn my head away and I won't talk
To them.

THE KING

He'll make you talk. He'll make you sing.
And when he has you here alone, Robert——!
I had not thought of that. I cannot go.

BARELLE

They'll soon find out who Robert is——

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JEANNE
What's this?

BARELLE
They'll think that he was used against his will,
Without his knowing,—and they'll let him go.

THE KING
They'll never let him go. They'll keep him here.
O no, Robert, give me my coat, take yours!
(He slips off Robert's coat)

JEANNE
You little chump, keep on that coat! Behave
Yourself! You're stubborn as your mother.

THE KING
Am I?

ROBERT
Please, little King, please, please!

BARELLE
Your Majesty!

THE KING
(Resisting Barelle's attempts to put the coat back on him)
I will not go. You cannot make me go.
Robert could never stand it as I can.
A King can stand—O more than anyone!

JEANNE
Here, hold him, Citizen. Bring him your cap,
Robert. Come now, Capet, behave yourself!

THE KING
(Still resisting the coat, and throwing the cap down)
And then, besides, I've thought of something else.
You might save me and not my Mother-Queen.
She might be left here all alone upstairs.

JEANNE
She's not upstairs, you little whining fool.
They should have killed you, Capet, with your mother,
The whelp with the she-wolf, and saved us trouble.

BARELLE
O shame!

THE KING
My Mother-Queen?

JEANNE
To-day at noon,
You heard the bells and danced the Carmagnole.

BARELLE
Great God!

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ROBERT
(Taking the other boy's hand)
Poor little King!

THE KING
It is not true.
You wish to make me go. It is not true.
If it were true, you would have told me then.
I will not go and leave my Mother-Queen.
I will not go.

JEANNE
Tell him it's true and get
Him out of here. We haven't time to fool
Away like this.

BARELLE
(Tenderly, gravely)
Your Majesty, it's true.

THE KING
My Mama-Queen?

BARELLE
Is with your father, Sire.
She died to-day, as brave as she had lived.
They would not let her say good-bye to you.

ROBERT
Poor little King!

THE KING
(With a sob)
She isn't dead! no, no,
She isn't dead. My Mama isn't dead.

BARELLE
Be brave, your Majesty, as she was brave.
A man on horseback told me what she said.
She said: 'I was a Queen and you dethroned me.
I was a wife and you have killed my husband.
I was a mother and you tear my children
Away from me. Only my blood is left.
Make haste to shed it. And be satisfied.'

THE KING
O she was brave, my Mother, wasn't she!
I'm going to be like Mother.

ROBERT
Little King!

BARELLE
Then, don't you see, you owe it to your kingdom
And to her memory to come with me?
That will be brave, your Majesty.

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JEANNE

Go on,
Flatter him up! Perhaps he'll take to that.
I never saw such people as these Capets.

BARELLE

And you shall have your sword again and come
Some day to punish murderers.

THE KING

O sir,
I promised both my Father and my Mother
Never to hurt the people,—nor to be
Afraid of them. My Father said to me
He could not run away from them and be
A coward. That was why we all came back
Together from Varennes. He was ashamed.
And I should be ashamed to run away
And not be like my Father and my Mother.

JEANNE

Shut up his nonsense. While there's time, be quick!
Take him!
(Barelle and Jeanne Marie try again to force Robert's jacket on the King, who struggles against them)

THE KING

No, no!

BARELLE

(Passionately)
I must, your Majesty!
(They lead him into the anteroom, the King contesting every inch of the way)

BARELLE

For God's sake!

JEANNE

Little fool!

THE KING

I will not go.

BARELLE

If you betray us, it will be the end.

THE KING

O won't you please obey me? Won't you please?—
(He breaks away. Barelle follows and lays hold of him again. But, with a sudden royal gesture, he checks Barelle in the centre of the room)
I am the King of France. Obey me, sir,
And take your hands away!

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BARELLE

God's will be done.

JEANNE

(Seizing the coat from Barelle)

God's nothing! It's the antic of a child!

(Barelle holds Jeanne Marie back while the King helps Robert into the washerboy's coat)

THE KING

But O be sure, be sure you come again!

(Picking up Jeanne Marie's bundles from the table)

Take all the clothes, Robert. Look inside this

And you will find a keepsake there from me.

(He lays it in the wash-basket)

JEANNE

O no, you don't!

THE KING

Then I shall tell on you.

(Jeanne Marie stands back glowering while he gives Robert the basket. Then he takes the lily from his bouquet and hands it to Barelle)

This lily is much better than the pear.

BARELLE

I ask you, Sire, to let her keep the money.

She will be kinder to you.

THE KING

I forbid you.

(Barelle bows and hides the lily in his breast)

JEANNE

You little cur—you devil out of hell!

(Hearing the stairs creak)

The officer!

(Barelle crosses to the window and seals the next to the last opening)

ANTOINE

(Entering, at the big door, heavy with brandy, his finger on his lips)

He's on his way downstairs.

BARELLE

It does not matter now. My work is done.

ANTOINE

(Looking closely at Robert)

Your work is done, you say? What do you mean?

BARELLE

All but one stone.

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ANTOINE

One stone?

THE KING

Good-bye, my friends.

(Barelle kneels and kisses the King's hand. The King will not let Robert kneel, but puts an arm about him and kisses him on the lips. Robert goes out with the basket at the big door)

BARELLE

Surely you cannot punish him for this!

(Jeanne Marie hurries Barelle out and closes the door after him)

JEANNE

He wouldn't go.

ANTOINE

You rotten little snake!

JEANNE

He gave the money back. He said he'd tell.

THE KING

Because I am a King, the King of France.
You cannot buy and sell the King of France.

ANTOINE

But we can make him pay!

(He goes to the cage of canaries and starts to bring a chair down over it)

THE KING

(In the way)

What are you doing?

ANTOINE

I'm smashing up your royal bird that pipes
'The March of the King.'

THE KING

But not the other birds!
O not the one——!

ANTOINE

Which one?

THE KING

—that sings to us!
The little one! The ribbon's on his neck!

ANTOINE

So that's your plaything,—ribbons, orders, marks
Of royalty! We'll see!

THE KING

The ribbon's red!—
He's a republican canary, Master!

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ANTOINE

Favorite of the King, come out here, you!

(He thrusts his hand into the cage and takes out the bird)

THE KING

O give him, give him to me!

ANTOINE

There he is.

(He wrings the bird's neck and throws the little dead body on the floor)

THE KING

(Kneeling and taking the bird up tenderly)

O listen to me, please, dear Heavenly Father!

JEANNE

Don't mention God again!—There is no God.

THE KING

—Help me to be as brave as Mother was.

ANTOINE

Get up. Give that to me. Here, Jeanne Marie,

(Taking the bird from the King, he tosses it to her)

Cook it for supper.

(He jerks the King to his feet and points to the red cap on the floor)

Now pick up that cap!

JEANNE

And put it on again!

(The King faces them, not moving)

ANTOINE

You dirty pup!

JEANNE

We've sealed the window. Shall we seal the doors,
Leave you alone all day, all night, forever?
Spiders and worms and rats and snakes will wait
For you to go to sleep!—Pick up that cap.

ANTOINE

Pick up that cap.

(The King moves toward it and quietly stands on it, facing them)

(Antoine crosses and sets the last stone in the window, darkening the stage so that only shadows are seen)

JEANNE

(Pointing, trying to laugh)

Behold the little King!

(Then they open the big door and close it behind them, and leave him standing in the darkness)

CURTAIN

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CORRESPONDENCE

"*Tiger*"

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Last May you had the courage to print *Tiger* in THE FORUM. Its theme since then has been variously used in longer plays, it has appeared in book form, been barred from sale by the Comstocks of Boston, been played by students before members of the Dartmouth College Faculty and by a professional cast at the Little Theatre in Philadelphia. Though most of the critics have treated it with understanding and sympathy, it has received, as was to be expected, a certain amount of censure. And I ask leave, in the magazine which first published the play, to make briefly an accumulated reply to its official and unofficial censors.

Tiger has been referred to as a "white slave play" at a time when platitudinous people are obscuring the question with that easy quibble, "There is no such thing as white slavery." Whatever may be the fact as to an organized ring of kidnappers or system of procuring girls against their will, it is an indisputable fact that there are enough girls in the business of prostitution who have been betrayed into it by individuals and forced to remain in it by society to justify the use of the term "white slavery." And it is this wider kind of white slavery which *Tiger* symbolizes. I am careful to symbolize it fairly by including Annabel, corrupt and more or less contented. The trouble with the sentimentalist who declares prostitution to be a picturesque affair and no particular hardship to most of the girls concerned is that he finds in the type, Annabel, an excuse for him to believe as he comfortably prefers to believe. He prefers to say, "A white slave is a girl living in seduced circumstances," and to treat the whole situation as a joke and a convenience. The theorist abets him by insisting that virtue—even at five a week—is not only its own reward but its own protection. And the vacuist tries his best to draw into his vacuum not only vice, the dust, but knowledge, the floor. What I venture to suggest to this group, to the anti-suffragist, to the feudalist generally, is that, in my reading of Christ, we are all "members one of another," responsible to one another and eventually identified with one another. Objection to the coincidence in the play, that of a father meeting his own entrapped daughter in a disorderly house, is of no validity against the meaning of the coincidence in this essential tragedy of prostitution: Lust demanding and Greed supplying us with members of our own human family.

By some critics, by poets especially, I have been taken to task for telling the story of *Tiger* in blank verse. I started to write it in prose, but I soon found that the narrative in prose would require a more detailed account than I should need to set down in verse. I found that the verse carried

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in its rhythm an edge of artistic suggestion which gave a truer effect than I could accomplish by the accuracy of prose. It was the same picture; but the verse heightened and yet softened it, like a carbon enlargement. I suspect that had I given the characters in the play the distinction of title or removed them to Persia, there would have been little or no objection to my use of blank verse, its heroic associations would not have been soiled. Certainly I have not written heroic blank verse in *Tiger*. It is rough, disjointed, sometimes almost syncopated. But running through it, here and there audible, I hope, is something of the rhythm of beauty, just as something of the grace of life runs through the Tenderloin.

WITTER BYNNER

NEW YORK

Vivisection

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I read with interest the letter from Mr. Brooks in the February FORUM, and wish to add my hope to his that you will publish a competent article on vivisection; or better, a debate in one or two numbers (the title *The Forum* seems to authorize such a manner of bringing both sides of the controversy before your readers). I am an anti-vivisectionist of long standing, yet I grow no less eager to hear both sides of every question, including this of our most "peculiar institution." By the last mail I have received from the Vivisection Investigation Society an account of Professor Carlson's recent experiments on dogs, while in the act of reading in this morning's *Tribune* Dr. Stephen Smith's prediction that doctors will be out of date when "people learn to live right."

Mr. Henry C. Merwin, Miss Agnes Repplier, Miss Lind-af-Hageby, Dr. Leffingwell, or Mr. Salt—these are names of persons competent to write about vivisection from the standpoint of those who think it "incurably unjust and damnably mean."

Should an article be published, I hope it will NOT be written by a partly informed, or passionate and bitter adherent of our side.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have recently learned that your magazine is considering the question of Vivisection or Human and Animal Experimentation as the subject of a series of articles dealing clearly with the matter. I have been requested to say to you, that if you contemplate anything of the kind I think you will be interested in the attitude of this Society, which is practically the attitude that England adopted more than thirty years ago as the result of a long-continued public investigation of the subject. Nothing

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presents the Humane Societies of this country in a more humiliating aspect than the censorship of any expressions of opinion on this subject which the medical profession apparently exercises over these organizations. It will be found that a very considerable proportion of the medical profession will, in private, admit the necessity of some legal regulation of this practice so as to confine it to competent experts at least, and to legitimate scientific purposes. Nevertheless, strangely enough, the whole profession, through its medical societies, rises up to protest even against such legislation as simply proposes to incorporate in our statutes some of the restrictions which medical practitioners insist they habitually require. It seems to me that there is no subject of public interest to-day which requires an "Open Forum" discussion as does this practice of Human and Animal Experimentation. So long as healthy children in our public institutions are accessible, as unfortunately they now are, for use as "material" for experimentation of this character, the humane public may well inquire whether it is not high time that some law should be put upon our statute book to prevent abuse of this most questionable practice.

F. P. BELLAMY

Society for the Prevention of Abuse in Animal Experimentation
BROOKLYN

"Prohibitorius" or "Expurgatorius"

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I notice that in your last issue you repeat, without comment, but with the significant heading, "1914—or 1419," the extraordinary announcement that the works of Maurice Maeterlinck have been placed on the "Index Prohibitorius" by the authorities of the Catholic Church in Rome. But should this not have been "Index Expurgatorius"?

AMOS LESLIE

NEW YORK

[No. The "Index Expurgatorius" is a catalogue of books which can be read by the faithful only after certain passages have been "expurgated." The "Index Prohibitorius" carries the recommendation of complete prohibition.—EDITOR.]

Music and Advertising

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—America has long been praised as the land of dollars; the land, that is, not merely where dollars are worshipped, but where they may be obtained. This reputation has aroused much admiration in foreign countries, and the American people have been estimated accordingly. An immense commerce in music has sprung up between our country and

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Europe, a commerce of the greatest value, in which both parties concerned have gained their hearts' desire: we have heard music, the visiting artists have got money. Furthermore, this commerce has been educational. The foreign musicians have rapidly surpassed us all in esteem for cash; they have learned to advertise their personal peculiarities, to employ the methods of monopoly, and to sell their voices at high prices to be kept in cold storage for future generations. And on the other hand, we have gained higher and better notions of musical art. We know now precisely what it is that inspires men to song. We have become expert in the appraisement of voices. In fact, popular taste in music is fully on a par with the taste in jewelry; we can distinguish a $10,000 tenor voice from a $100 voice, and value it exactly as we prefer a $10,000 diamond to a $100 diamond.

But there is some indication that the artists have not learned as rapidly in all lines as they might. The piano used in the concert hall now has its name printed on its side in yellow letters a foot high. This is shameful. I do not mean that the musician should not advertise the piano, provided he is well paid; but he should not do it in this piffling, half-hearted fashion. Apparently either he or the manufacturer has retained some absurd delicacy, which stands in the way of the fullest development of the advertiser's art. But if music and advertising are to be married, let the union be frank and without reservations. Timid compromise is the very essence of mediocrity in art. Let no false modesty restrict us to plain yellow letters stencilled on rosewood. Let us imitate our billboard-painters, who cover the beauties of America with advice to see America first. Instead of lettering, let us have a painted back drop, showing St. Cecilia before a Chinich and Storck piano, or a roomful of well-dressed people meekly listening to a phonograph. Or suppose that we display an electric sign, bearing the well-known language of the piano advertisements of the magazines: "The full and soul-stirring resonance of the bass; the silvery clearness of the upper register, whose chaste and birdlike notes melt on the ear like perfumes of the springtide; the bell-like, harmonious stirrings of the middle tones, now sinking to the hushed whisperings of love or the dull monotone of the *Marche Funèbre,* now rising to glorious bursts of lyric passion and of epic force," etc. Maybe we couldn't get all this on the sign. But we must; it's too good to lose. A pleasing novelty would be a green-and-orange sandwich board, worn by the contralto. The heavings of the forward leaf would be a convenient guide to the singer's emotions and breath control, and the letters would name a high-priced piano. The boards would also partly conceal and supplement the gown.

But the details must be worked out by advertising experts.

RALPH GOODALE

MINNEAPOLIS

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Becker

THE Police System, of course, is fighting for its own hand. It does not like Mr. Mitchel's police reform bills. Naturally: for, with the passing of those bills, the System could be controlled, and, ultimately, eliminated. New York would have a police force. For many years, it has had a police farce.

The Becker case is surely a sufficient argument. The System, which he adorned, has fought for him; and it has won a notable victory. It would be wrong to grudge him the second trial that the Court of Appeals has granted. As an individual, he is entitled to every fair chance to save his life. The Court of Appeals, in its wisdom, has decided that the first trial was faulty. Very well. He has his second chance.

But it is a scandalous travesty of justice that so much time has been wasted. In a grave criminal case, the appeal should be settled, at the longest, within a month. Then there would be a chance of keeping witnesses together, or within suitable range. Such indefensible delay as we are altogether too familiar with vitiates the whole course of justice, and makes a mockery of a trial for murder. If an indispensable witness should vanish, a guilty man may well secure an acquittal at his second trial.

Men who consider themselves thoughtful are pooh-poohing the idea that Becker may ever be restored to his place in the Police Department, whatever may happen at the second trial. But, if there should be an acquittal, who can prevent his restoration to his former post, if he chooses to demand it? It is all very well to say that certain things can never happen. But they can.

In the meantime—that is to say, at the time of writing—the reform bills are being altered and mutilated, and may be rejected. This is the price that the people pay for their unbelievable stupidity. They accept Tammany, with the Tammany control of the legislature and the Tammany influence over the judiciary; and they wonder why popular government is not a success.

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It is not a success because the majority of the people are ignorant, foolish, and—at present—unworthy of the privileges that they misuse. And the sooner the people realize that they have failed utterly to carry out the duties intrusted to them, the better for the country. Until the truth is recognized and admitted, the lies and pretence cannot be suppressed. *Vox populi, vox Dei*—yes, in theory; but not in reality, until the people discard their stupidity and self-complacency, and try to make themselves worthy to be the spokesmen of God. Democracy and theocracy are at present scarcely identical.

The Unemployed

THE greater portion of the press and the public has condemned—not too temperately—the antics of the motley crew that followed the leadership of Tannenbaum and demanded lodging and refreshment from the pastors of New York churches. Yet the strictures of a capitalistic press may carry no more weight than the perfervid denunciations of a Tannenbaum and the partisan papers that support him. There is reason on both sides; and unreasonableness on both. A contemptuous sneer may dismiss for the moment, but it will not solve, the problem of the unemployed.

For, granted that many of these were wastrels, shirkers, blackguards—what you will. Are they not as much members of our complex society as the decently clothed men with adequate or excessive incomes? Society is not composed only of the prosperous, or of the respectable—as the canons of the day define respectability. Jesus of Nazareth was certainly not respectable: he consorted with the sinners and the outcasts, with the underworld and the underfed of his day. He was a vagrant, without visible means of subsistence. He did not rent a substantial house to guarantee his respectability. He did not care at all about "outward decency." In our own highly civilized day, he would have found refuge in the Bowery, or with the derelicts who follow a Tannenbaum or any similar agitator. He would have been an agitator himself; perhaps he, too, would have been ejected from one of the churches that minister chiefly to the prosperous.

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By the time this note appears, the winter may have passed, or be in its last stages; the summer is at hand, and the human wreckage of our great cities will be forgotten till another winter presses to unwilling ears the news that all's not exactly right with the world; that men and women and children are starving and homeless—though, of course, it is extremely thoughtless of them not to be prosperous.

It is not necessary to trace the history of the unemployed, to point out that so many are still eager to work, that so many have been unfortunate, and that others have been vicious, improvident, criminals, the scum of the tenements. They belong to our society precisely as our millionaires belong to it; they have as much right to our consideration. If we do not want them, let us pay a little attention to the causes that produce them, to the tenements where they breed, and where, in the majority of cases, they are tainted physically and mentally, by heredity or environment. We have no right to expect resolution, steadfastness, strong moral fibre, when we tolerate conditions that result in the criminal, the wastrel, the incompetent, as surely as the product of a factory is determined by its equipment and machinery.

Sneers on one side, resentment on the other, and exaggeration on both, are rather futile when we are dealing with our brothers and sisters, born to the same rights, but robbed by our indifference or cruelty of the chance to develop so that they may claim and enjoy those rights. They are very ragged and obnoxious now: yet, with a little care, they might have been respectable Pharisees, like ourselves, instead of merely such outcasts and sinners as Christ lived with. But Jesus of Nazareth was not modern, and perhaps would not have understood modern ways and the complexities of economics. No doubt the most convenient course will be to appoint a committee, and forget all about the matter.

The Irish Crisis

MR. ASQUITH has made his proposals for excluding from the scope of the Home Rule Bill, for a term of six years, such counties of Ulster as desire to avail themselves of the concession.

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But the present attitude of Sir Edward Carson is not encouraging, and it seems improbable that a definite settlement will be reached by agreement between the leaders of the different parties.

Mr. Redmond has gone, perhaps, as far as he legitimately can: Sir Edward Carson will no doubt go as far as may be permitted. Too much fanaticism has crept in, and the cause of Ulster is being referred to as "sacred," because the opposing factions do not agree on religious questions. It is pitiable, yet ludicrous. At a time when all the religions are being weighed, and most of them found wanting, professed Christians are preparing to leap at each others' throats, chiefly because they do not agree about the precise way in which to carry out the teachings of the Prince of Peace.

"*Classics*"

A THOUGHTFUL student of literary questions, writing to the editor of a church weekly, concludes his letter with a passage which deserves wide attention: "In days like these, when novel-writing is in its decadence, it is a question with some of us whether we shall not do well to return to the practice of many people in a past age of excluding all novels whatever, save those which have become classics."

The sentiment is lucidly and temperately phrased, and is entirely worthy of the large section of humanity which believes that the chief duty of man is to avoid thinking. The suggestion, obviously, would meet all difficulties. *Tom Jones,* as a classic, would be welcomed to the study and the nursery, while the author unfortunate enough to be born in post-classic times would know precisely where he was destined to remain. For if only those works which have become classics are admissible, there can be no further process of becoming, and the genius of the twentieth century can no longer exclaim modestly, with Max Beerbohm, "I have acceded to my niche." There will be no niches. Instead, there will be a dividing line in history, and the child will be taught to believe (as with miracles) that "before this date there were classics: since then, none have been permitted."

An admirable suggestion, which will no doubt be appropriately received by those who prefer a human-being's brain to a rabbit's.

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